

# STAY! ALIVE!

by

Marcus Dow

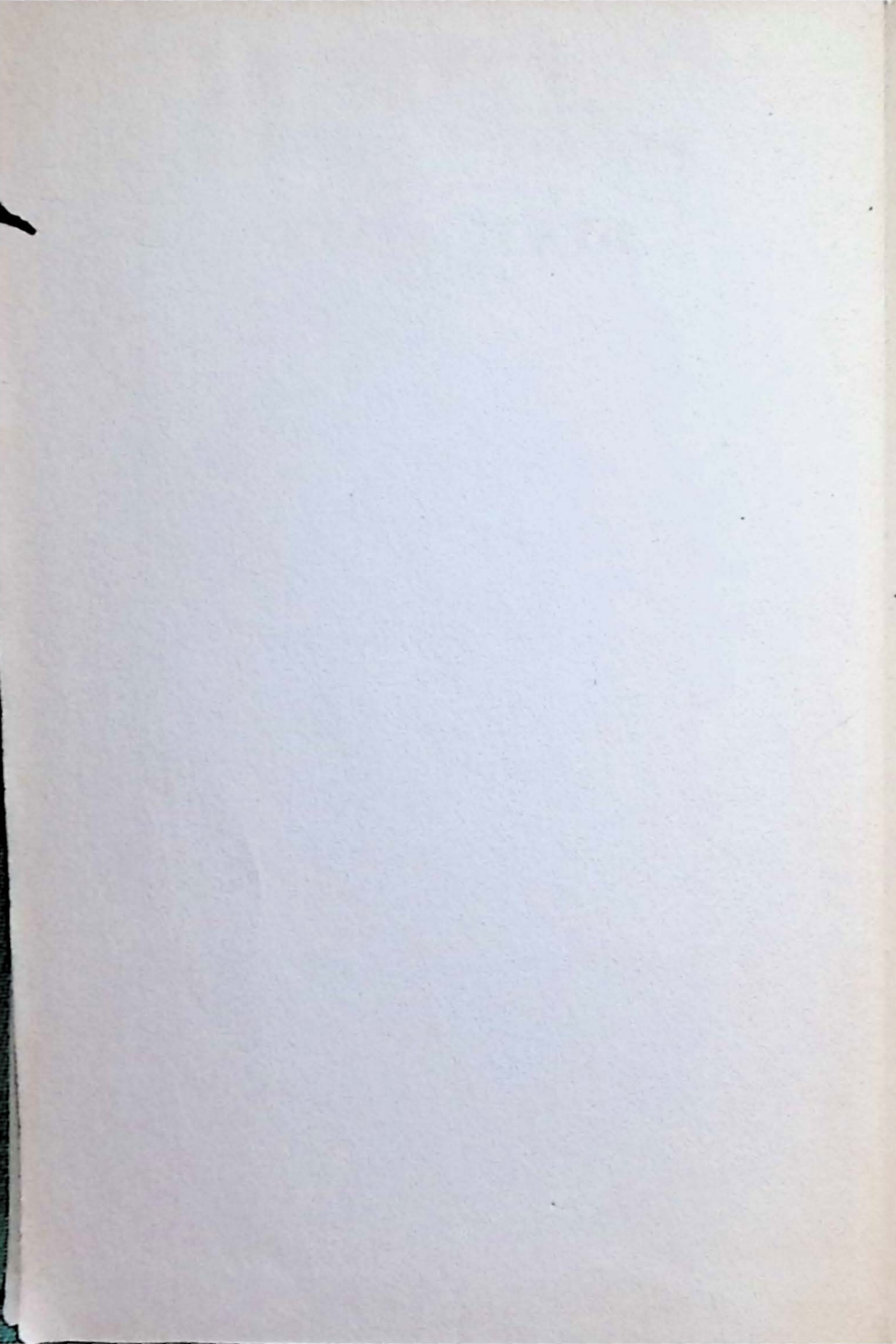




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**STAY ALIVE!**



**Marcus Dow**



# STAY! ALIVE!

by *Marcus Dow*

in which

**Jim the Truckman**

gently kicks the

**Drivin' Fools**

and

**Walkin' Yaps**

with drawings by H.S.Zoll

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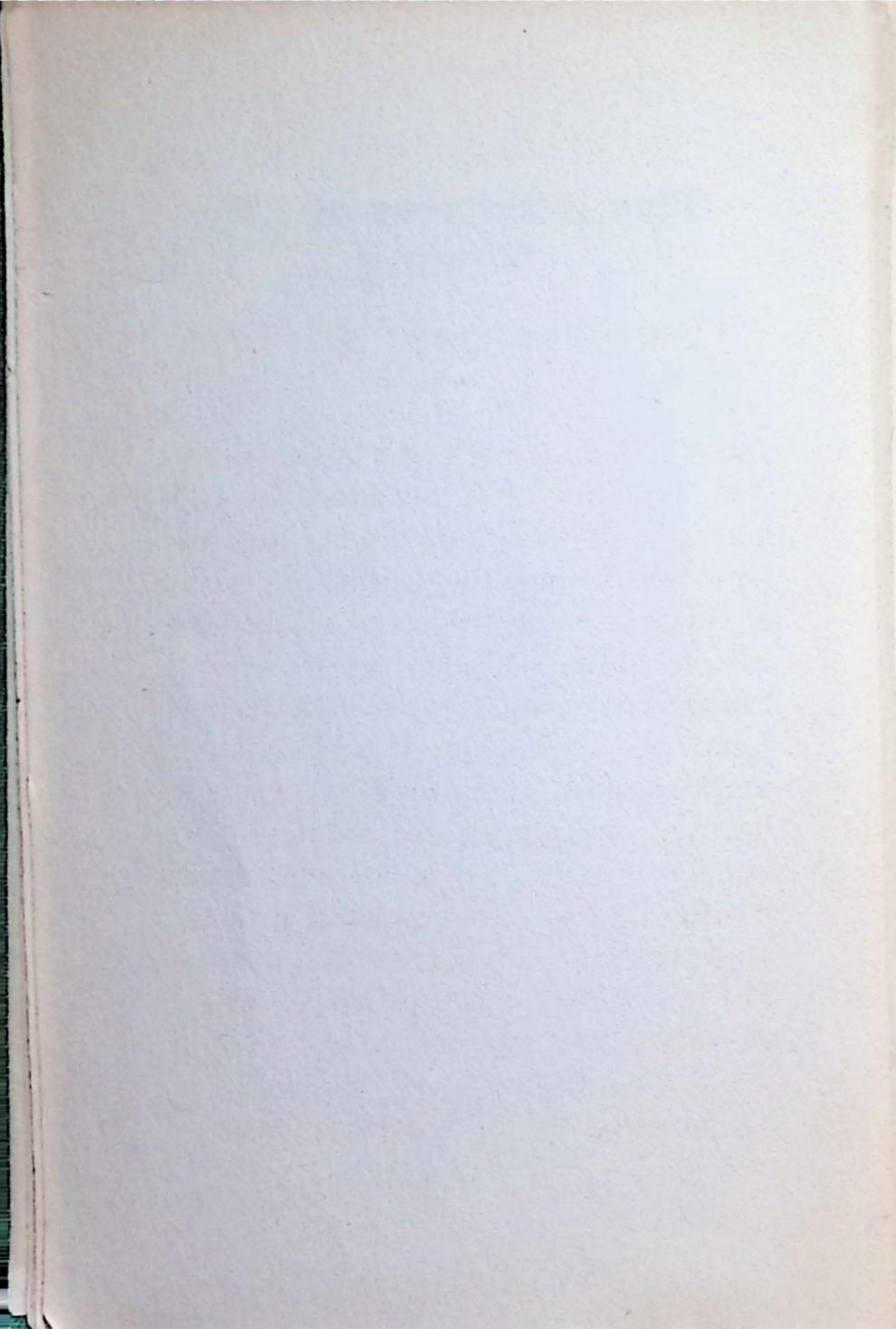
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# **The Business of Life Saving**



## **The Business of Life Saving**

LIFE saving is a great business. You usually think of it in connection with a man in a boat, a man with arms and shoulders tanned like leather in the sun.

But not all life savers are like that. Marcus Dow isn't. He doesn't work at the seashore. He stays in cities and towns where millions of people are and works to save human life. He works in harmony with the principles and practice of many other earnest safety workers who have rendered incalculable service to industry and humanity. He is one of the acknowledged leaders of safety thought and effort in these United States.

Marcus Dow's activities in this great



**. . . the business of life saving . . .**

field of public service may be, in part, summarized as follows:

For ten years (1913-1922) General Safety Agent, New York Central Lines;

For three years (1923-4-5) Executive Secretary, Bureau of Public Safety, Police Department, New York City;

Organized steam railroad section, National Safety Council in 1915 and was Chairman two years;

Member of Executive Committee, National Safety Council continuously since 1915;

President, National Safety Council, 1922-23;

Vice-President in charge of Public Safety, National Safety Council during the year 1924;

Pioneer in the making of moving pictures for safety education, his film, "Steve Hill's Awakening," being the first safety film telling a dramatic story

. . . the business of life saving . . .

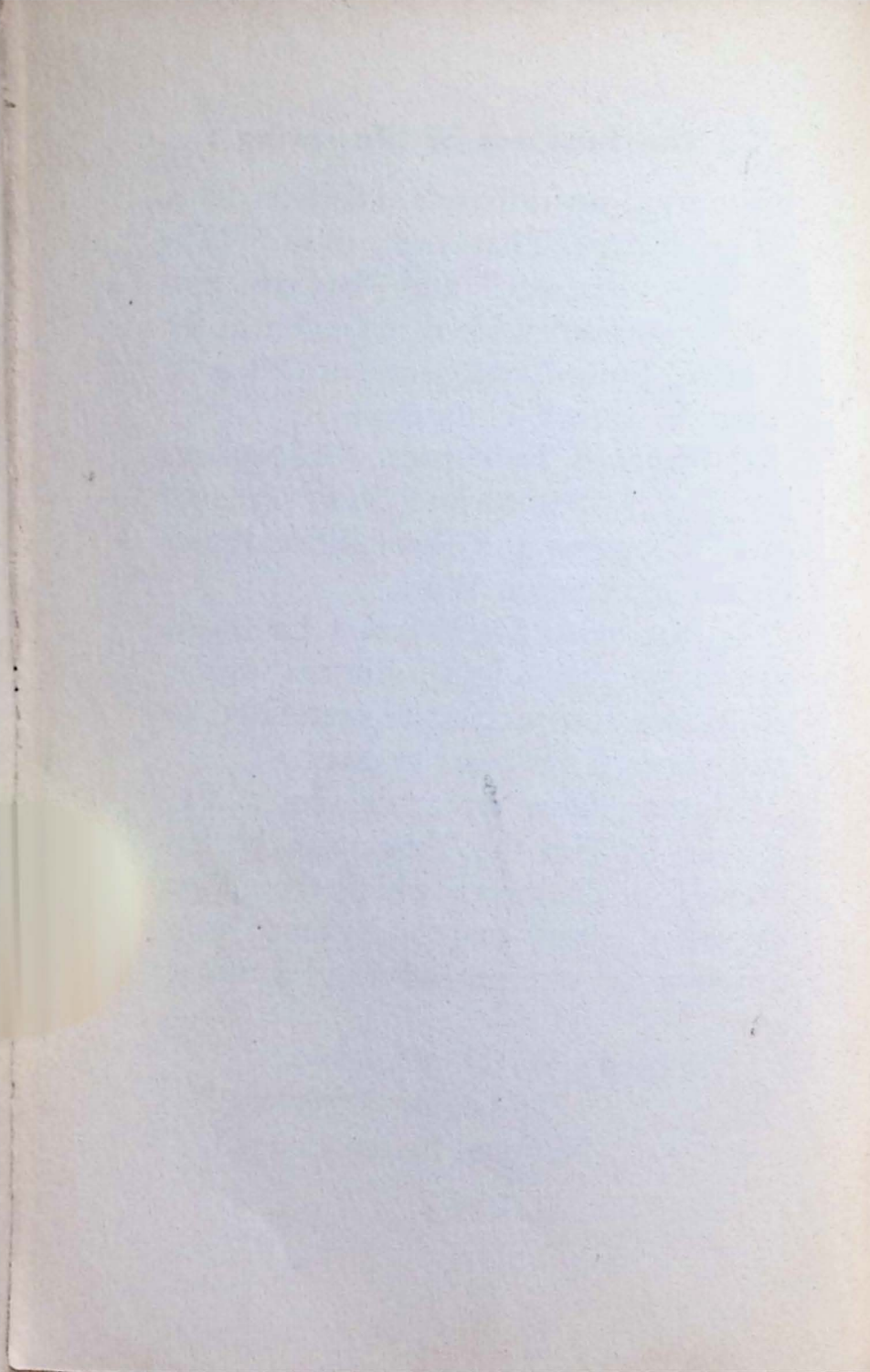
to be used on railroads. His later films, "The House That Jack Built," "The Rule of Reason," and "Bulletin Seventy" received wide distribution in the United States and were exhibited in several foreign countries;

Author of brochures, "A Nation's Neglect," "Safety and Short Trains," and "Progress and Possibilities of Accident Prevention Work";

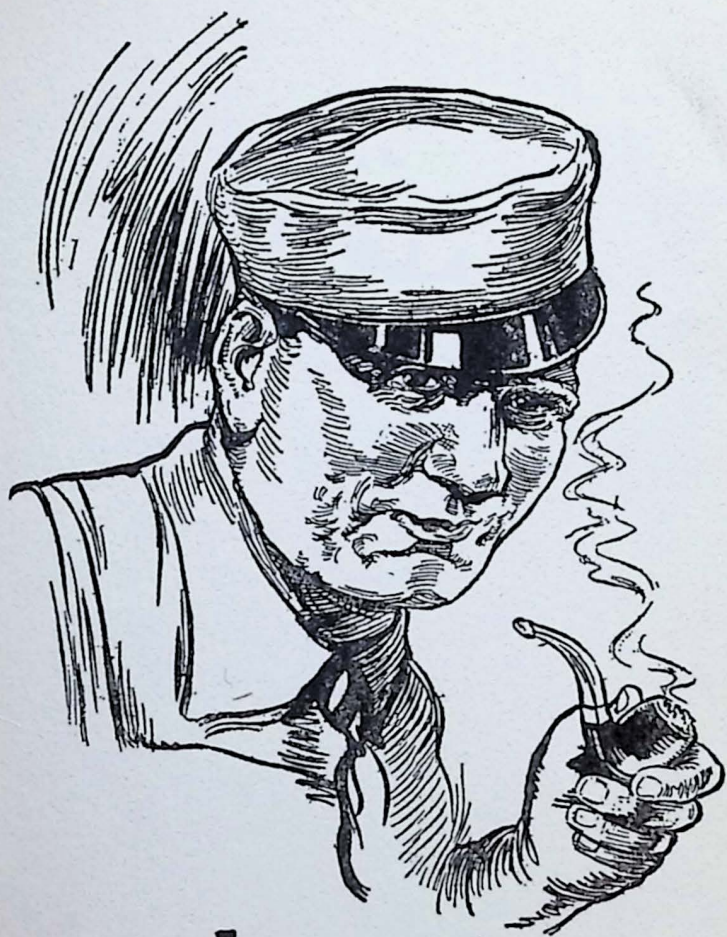
In the past fifteen years has made approximately eight hundred public addresses on accident prevention to audiences from coast to coast.

Marcus Dow wrote this book, *Stay Alive!* In Jim the Truckman, he has created a character which should be known to every man and woman who touches the steering wheel of a motor car.

(Signed) W. H. CAMERON,  
Managing Director,  
National Safety Council.







JIM the TRUCKMAN



## Keynote

THESE stories in *STAY ALIVE!* are told by *Jim the Truckman*. They are true stories. I can vouch for that, because I have talked to Jim, or at least his counterpart, hundreds of times. You'll find him in every city, town and hamlet in the land. Furthermore, in my professional experience during the past fifteen years, I have studied and analyzed thousands of incidents exactly like these Jim describes. In his own snappy way he tells of experiences, real experiences, that many thousands have actually had. They are experiences, too, that millions have been very close to. They are experiences that every person wants to avoid.

The use of the automobile is as much a part of our life's activity as walking.



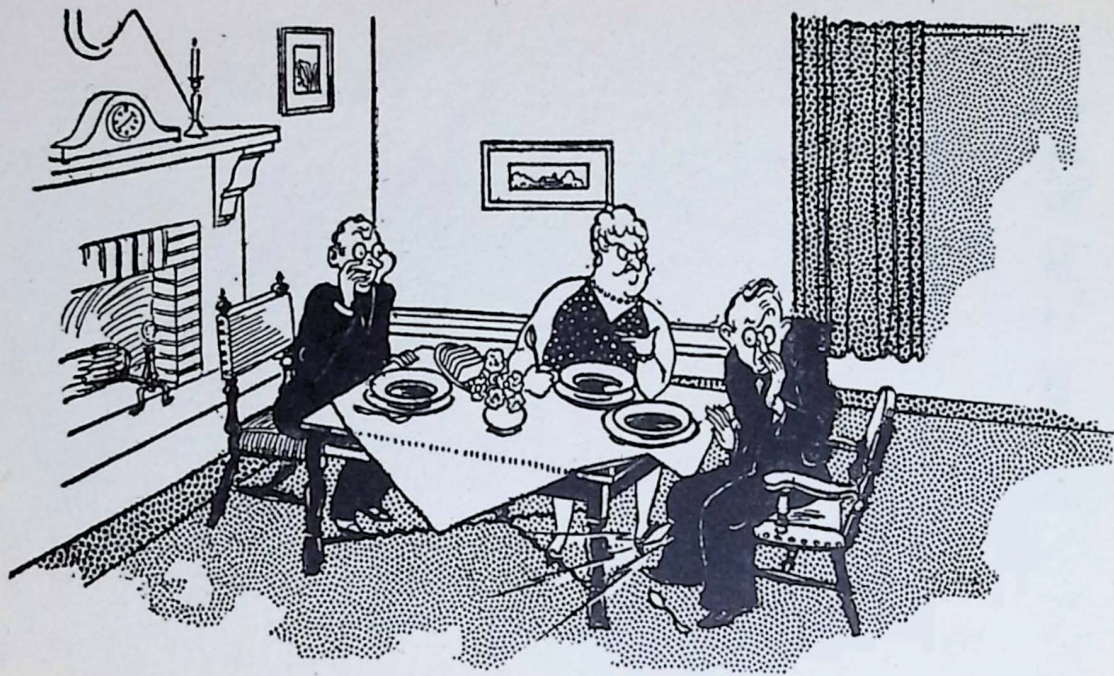
. . . **keynote** . . .

Safe operation of the motor vehicle is one of the most vital problems of this generation.

But let *Jim the Truckman* tell you his stories!

THE AUTHOR

# **Kickin' in on the Kicks**



**A henpecked bozo pulled a boner at dinner and the wife give him a kick under the table what put him where he belonged.**



## Kickin' in on the Kicks

*A fool there was who took a chance—  
They carried him off in an ambulance.*

**H**ERE'S my story, Everybody, and I'll stick to it. So's you'll make no mistake as to who's tellin' this yarn, I am Jim the Truckman. Not Jim the Penman, 'cause I ain't no pen-pusher by profession. I just push a button with my foot in navigatin' a six-ton truck over the streets of one of the dandiest cities in the country.

Mebbe my story, or bunch of stories, is goin' to be kinda rough on a lotta guys—and the janes is included. I'm goin' to call a spade a spade. I mean I'm goin' to call a fool a fool, and a yap a yap.

. . . stay alive! . . .

Lots of stuff has been printed about this here automobile accident business. Judgin' from the casualty lists, which keep growin' and growin' year by year, nobody pays much attention to what's said. Mebbe that's because it's all been kindly advice in polite words that was too highbrow. The hospitals and morgues keep doin' a land office business. More'n twenty-five thousand human bein's gets bumped off and half a million gets busted up, lacerated or bruised from New Year's to New Year's at present writin'. So, I think the advice you, Everybody, has been gettin' is too much like the famous sugar-coated pill they give folks who ain't feelin' well. Only, in this case it don't make the sick folks any better. They keep gettin' worse—that is, more careless, accordin' to figures, facts and what takes place.

I knew a family where father—a



. . . kickin' in on the kicks . . .

henpecked little bozo—once pulled a boner at dinner when comp'ny was present. Friend wife give him a good kick under the table. It put him where he belonged—woke him up to the fact that he was in wrong and all wet like a fish. The effect of the kick was like magic. He shut up and tried to square himself.

So, now, all you careless drivers and walkers, which means most everybody, you is all goin' to get a good swift kick in the shins. Each chapter of this here book will be a kick, and each page will contain a jab or a jolt.

You'll have a undignified moniker fastened onto you. You're goin' to be labelled "Drivin' Fools" and "Walkin' Yaps." If that makes you sore it'll be great! It will at least get a rise out of you and mebbe make you *think*.

And this ain't goin' to be no entry for a perfect grammar contest neither.



. . . stay alive! . . .

Polite language wrote in finishin' school English don't stop accidents. Leastways it hasn't. Now, I know a lot of good guys that drives not only trucks, but all kinds of boats on four wheels, that speaks the lingo of this book or near to it. You can always understand what *they* mean when they gets talkin'. Some highbrows will find words in this book that looks sour to 'em, but if that perticular bunch of readers don't do nothin' but count the mistakes in grammar they'll at least get a inklin' of the main idea of the stories, and that'll help a lot.

And don't mind a cuss word if you find one slips in. Everybody who drives cars *cusses*. Even the ladies—yes, real ladies—do, if they get mad enough. Under their breath, mebbe, but what they're thinkin' would spell h-e-l-l if it was wrote out. They cuss at the cops, and they cuss at the traffic jams and at

. . . kickin' in on the kicks . . .

the people on foot who in turn cusses back at them. So, if a mild cuss word skids in here and there in this gasoline speel, why it's only comin' home to familiar surroundin's.

I can do this job, too, fair and impartial like. I have drove thousands on thousands of miles, not only a truck but my own private bus as well. I have walked hundreds of miles on busy streets. I have been both a fool and a yap on occasions. But in one respect I got it all over the rest of you like a tent. Not only have I drove a truck, but also I've rode a hobby. Safe Drivin' is the name of my hobby. I have took it on myself to study this here problem and have made observations and notes of facts that will make interestin' readin' to anybody that is fair-minded.

So, now, get ready to be bawled out. And don't forget, it's *your* shins that's goin' to be kicked aplenty. Let's go!





Backed without lookin' behind him, slammed into a car parked there and sent it smack into a baby carriage.



## A Sample Fool

*(Kick No. 1)*

**L**ET'S make one thing plain to start with. This ain't goin' to be no one-sided argument. The speed demon ain't goin' to get raked over the coals exclusive. Speeders ain't the only drivin' fools that go around spreadin' Hell and Disaster. They has a million or ten brothers and sisters who has fool drivin' habits that don't get much publicity, and this book is goin' to give them the break that is comin' to 'em. And Everybody that Walks is goin' to be included in the picture. It takes all kinds of folks to make a world and it takes all kinds of

. . . stay alive! . . .

careless, thoughtless, inattentive, and sometimes don't-give-a-hoot, devil-may-care sort of folks to cause accidents.

Listen to this: A grown-up man stepped out of his house on a bright, clear day. It was a quiet street, sun shinin', no wind, no rain, no fog. Nothin' to get his goat or interfere with his actions. He had two good eyes, was not deaf, was not bughouse—in fact nothin' wrong with him whatsoever. His mental and physical construction was grade A. He wasn't in no particular hurry. Was on his way to a library to get a book for readin' that evenin'. So takin' everythin' into account he didn't have a alibi to cover what he done. I leave it to you.

He got up on the seat of his car standin' at the curb, started the engine, throwed it in reverse and without turnin' his head, twistin' his neck or makin' any effort to look behind him,

. . . a sample fool . . .

he backed that bus of his against another one parked behind him. The bus he hit rolled down hill and smack into a baby carriage that was bein' wheeled across the street by a twelve-year-old girl and tips it over. There was a six-months-old baby in that go-cart. It landed on its little head! If you know anything about kids you know at that age their heads is kind o' soft and tender-like on top. Well, it killed that poor little mite deader than a door nail. Now that guy wasn't speedin'. He wasn't even drunk, though you'd think he musta been cockeyed. He was just a plain drivin' fool, backin' up a car without lookin' behind first to see what was the lay of the land. Backin' up with a jerk by steppin' on the gas too hard and sudden. He smacked into that car like he didn't give a hoot. And he broke a mother's heart!

Unusual did you say? You'd be sur-



. . . stay alive! . . .

prised. One big firm which a friend of mine drives for, and which operates two thousand trucks, had three hundred and sixty back-up accidents in one year! It's only luck when no one gets killed. But I know plenty cases where some poor innocent kid or a unlucky guy crankin' his bus got bumped off or crippled fearful by some careless bozo backin' up sudden like without lookin' where he was goin'.

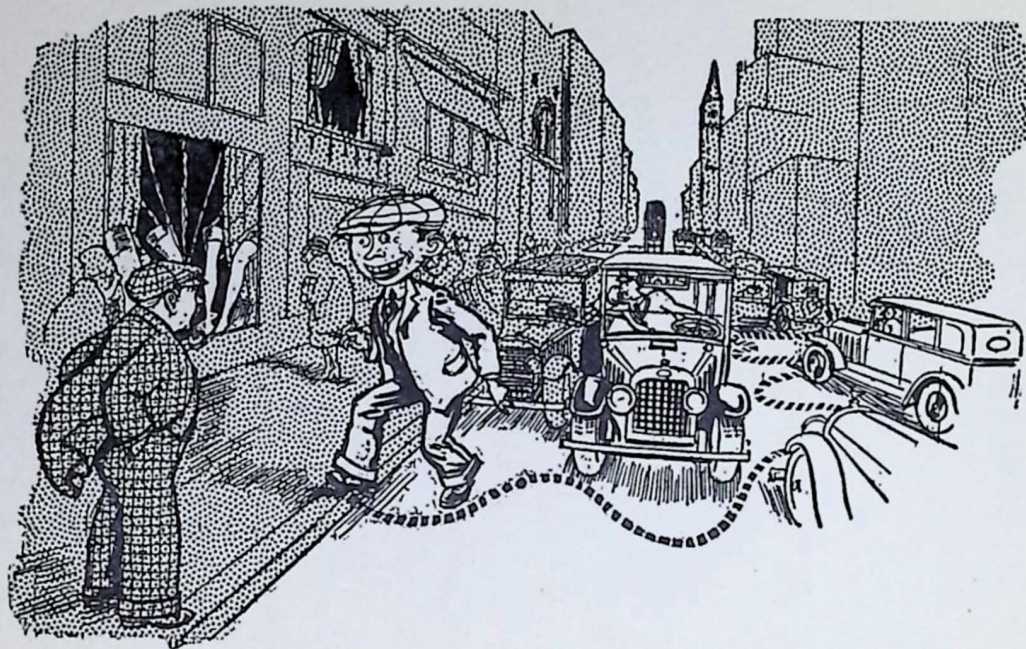
Does your shin begin to hurt a little? Well, let it be a lesson to you. That's that!



*Look back before you roll  
back and there won't  
be no come-back.*



## **A Sample Yap**



**I was too speechless to ask the yap where was the fire or who was  
he runnin' after a doctor for.**



## A Sample Yap

(Kick No. 2)

**A**S I said, this ain't goin' to be no one-sided bawlin' out. "Fair and impartial" is my motto and if I go wrong, tell me.

"Are walkers human?" A drivin' fool once asked that question. Read this one and answer it yourself:

The scene is Fifth Avenue in little old New York. "Superb, Majestic, Inspiring" some poet once called this expensive lane which runs for a few miles up and down Manhattan. But in this lane traffic durin' busy hours runs in three lines each way. As to furnishin' inspiration it is a bust to me, but as a

. . . stay alive! . . .

mart of trade and a hustlin', bustlin', transportin' highway it's a wow. Well, as I started to say, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was standin' on the west side of this well-known Avenue, for no good reason except I was watchin' 'em roll, the autos I mean, rollin' by, when I got a eye-full of the craziest dam footwork you ever heard tell about. A simple-minded lookin' egg, wearin' a silly kind o' grin all over his face who was on the opposite side of the street decides sudden-like that he wants to come across. I mean he wishes to get to my side of the bullyvard, if you get me. Now, to make the details of this true yarn complete, let me set it down that this was *not* the street crossin'. It was just about the middle of the block. This bird looks and sees a car comin' toward him next the curb. He starts to beat it across in front of it. He gets clear of it, but runs

. . . a sample yap . . .

smack in front of another four-wheeler dubbed a tin lizzie, both by them that owns one and them that don't, thus makin' it unanimous. To escape the disgrace of bein' bumped off by a lousy flivver our perambulatin' friend makes a half acrobatic hop-skip-and-jump due west, clearin' the lizzie and also a tourin' bus which was comin' in the third line. He had generated so much steam that he had one hell of a time diggin' his heels into the pavement quick enough and deep enough to keep from skiddin' plumb into a bus goin' the opposite way in the fourth line of traffic. Well, folks, to make a long story less ridiculous, by makin' a couple more agile, plumb lucky and funny movements, he succeeds in reachin' the curb near where I was standin'. I was too speechless to ask the yap where was the fire or who was he runnin' after a doctor for, so I just



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

stood there gaspin' and watched him. And what, after all that hurry and downright riskin' of his life, do you think that crazy yap did? He walked over to the store in front of where he made his successful trans-bullyvard flight and *stood there five minutes* lookin' over a display of ladies' stockin's on wooden legs in the window! Can you beat that? I ask you.

That yap only *thought* he was in a hurry. He just couldn't *wait* ten seconds till he got to the next crossin' to cross. Hurry causes a lot of accidents, and the funny part is folks ain't in the hurry they *thinks* they is.

There's at least a million walkin' yaps in this land of the free and the home of the brave. The home of the brave is the right piece of real estate for these birds to live on, for they gotta be brave to pull some of the stunts they do every day.

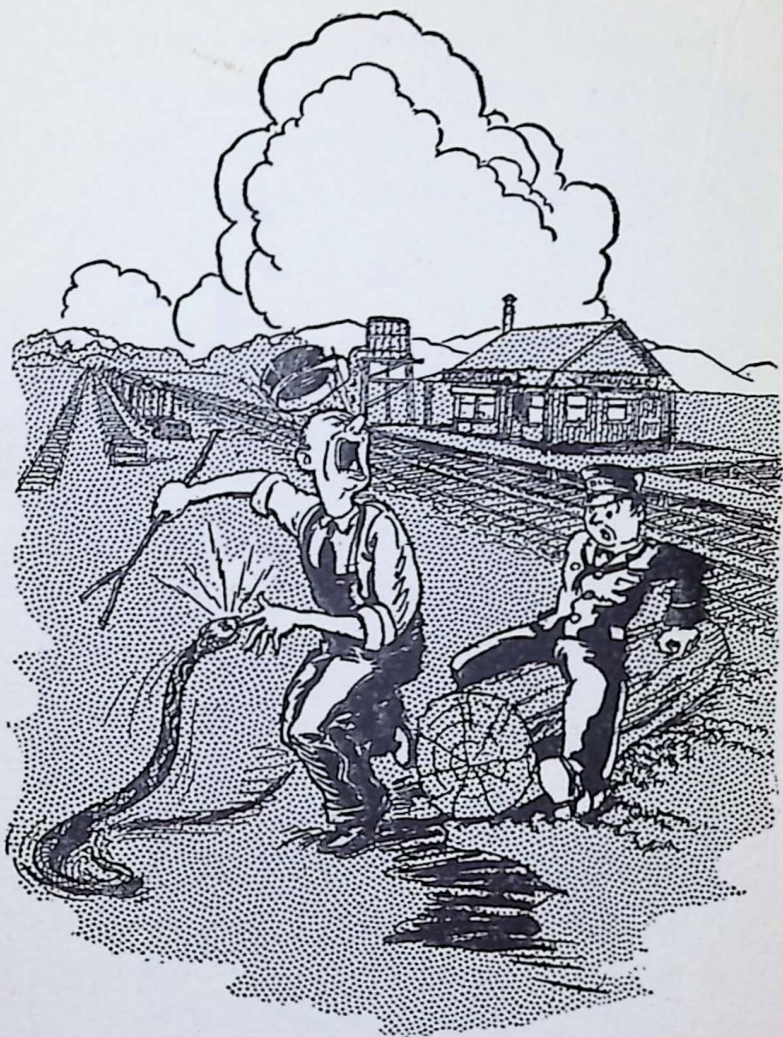
**. . . a sample yap . . .**

But have patience, dear peruser. I have only kicked the shins of one specie of yap in this chapter. More will be said of this animal later.



**The middle of the block is no-man's land where many a healthy human gets mowed down for keeps.**





**Drivin' your auto or your truck careless like is the same as teasin' a rattlesnake. And don't blame the snake if it bites you.**



## The Alibi

(Kick No. 3)

**I**F they's any one kind of a hick answerin' to the name of drivin' fool it's the bird who waves a alibi at you whenever he gets in dutch and has a accident.

A certain party of my more or less remote acquaintance parked his speed buggy alongside the curb and went into a house. Durin' the time he was gone the aforesaid speed buggy rolled away from where he left it and collided with a sedan. It was a bad mix-up. Well, this party, whose car didn't stay where he'd put it, had to make out a report for the insurance company. He

. . . stay alive! . . .

wrote thusly: "While I was in the house the brakes on my car let go, which was the cause of the accident."

Can you imagine that? *The brakes on his car let go!* As if that old tin can of his had a shot of somethin' that give it some ghostly power that enabled it to "let go" and cunnin'ly start up of its own free will and ram another car. Now, you know and I know his brakes didn't just let go. The fact is, this guy parked his car on a grade. He forgot to cut his wheels into the curb to prevent the car rollin'. He left his engine runnin'. The vibration of the engine jarred the brakes loose and that old bus of his rolled down hill by what the scientific gents calls "force of gravitation." A natural outcome of this guy's damfool carelessness.

In the sedan that was struck by his runaway roller coaster was a lady about thirty years old. She was a good-lookin'

. . . the alibi . . .

dame. Fair complected, brown hair and a cheery smilin' face that sort of spread sunshine wherever she went. Her sedan got hit a nasty rap, swervin' it around, breakin' its windows and scatterin' glass to hell all over the place. A piece of jagged glass cut a deep, ugly gash on her pretty cheek, disfigurin' her for life. I wonder how does the thoughtless lunatic that left that car of his parked in a unsafe manner feel about it down in his heart. But don't his alibi give you a laugh? His brakes let go! That let him out, he thinks. It did, in a pig's eye, as Murphy would say.

I heard tell of a guy that worked on a railroad. A branch of the road run through a wild section where rattlesnakes is found in summer along the right-o'-way. Train men used to amuse theirselves takin' a forked stick, catchin' some of them lovely pets and foolin' with 'em. My idea of nothin' to



. . . stay alive! . . .

do, but anyhow that's what they did. One day they got a report in the boss's office tellin' of a injury to one of the men, readin' like this: "John Smith, freight brakeman. Got bit on the end of the finger while tryin' to spit tobacco juice down a rattlesnake's throat." And folks, at the bottom of the report where the printed line asked "Who was to blame for the accident?" the guy that got bit had wrote "The rattlesnake"!

Well, I think of that bozo and his snake every time I hear the crazy alibis some of these careless, thoughtless, inattentive drivin' fools try to hand out to cover their mistakes. That's the trouble. Everybody tries to pass the buck instead o' sittin' down calm and thoughtful and analyzin' their own shortcomin's to find out what it is *they do or don't do* that they ought to correct in the interest of safety.

Drivin' your truck or your auto care-

. . . the alibi . . .

less like is the same as teasin' a rattlesnake, at that. But don't blame the snake if it bites you. And, believe me, I know a lot of folks this kick in the shins is meant for.

(Kick No. 4)

EVERYBODY that is old enough to talk about the "good old days" may remember a homely sort of expression your teacher used when you was dreamin' instead of studyin'. She'd say "Johnny, (or Mary, whichever it was) you're *wool gatherin'*!"

They's no way of tellin' where such sayin's come from. They just spring up natural like. We hear plenty of phony words today which nobody but a up-to-date, well-informed bozo can understand. Such as, fr' instance, "He's nutty," meanin' the bird referred to is crazy, or "She knows her onions,"





fashioned, grand-  
cool-gatherin'.

juice down a rattlesnake's throat." And folks, at the bottom of the report where the printed line asked "Who was to blame for the accident?" the guy that got bit had wrote "The rattlesnake"!

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Drivin' your truck or your auto care-



## Wool Gatherin'

(Kick No. 4)

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. . . stay alive! . . .

meanin', of course, that *there* is a jane you can't put nothin' over on. Well, this here "wool gatherin'" was one of them wise cracks our grandmothers pulled when they wanted to tell somebody his or her mind was wanderin' around aimless like. I s'pose that's the way the darkies picked wool in the Sunny South. In other words, wool gatherers was folks whose mind was not on their job. They was thinkin' about one thing and *tryin'* to do somethin' else. It was a snappy sayin' in grandma's day, and it still clicks and expresses a mouthful when spoke in referrin' to a certain common type of drivin' fool.

Accordin' to my best calculation, they is at least fifteen million wool gatherers drivin' automobiles every day in this land of free thinkers and careless drivers. But let me tell you folks somethin'. The records show, accordin'

. . . wool gatherin' . . .

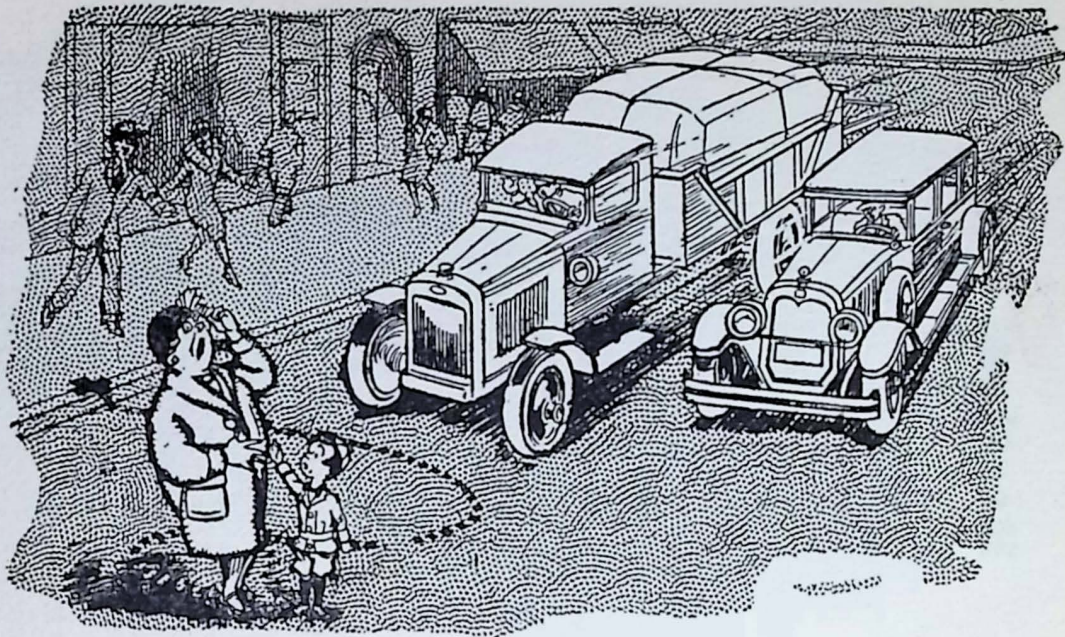
to the newspapers, *twenty-five thousand humans get killed—bumped off, annihilated or wiped out complete—and half a million get hurt—punished or contract drivin' pains—in automobile accidents every year.*

A thousand different reasons, contributin' causes and what have you are responsible for this smashin' American tragedy. But way down at the bottom of most of the causes of these accidents is a main cause that can be described by a little old-fashioned grandmotherly wise crack, *viz.:* The driver was wool gatherin'. Mebbe he was thinkin' about the baseball score. P'raps he was ruminatin' on the price of wheat in the latest market quotations. Quite possible *she* was wonderin' if Mrs. Jones's new hat cost more'n hers cost. And so on "ad infinitum" as the scholar would say, meanin' "practically without end." At





# **Restless Yaps**



**She stood on the curb just rarin' to go—then she *went*. Dashed across in front of a truck and smack into another car comin' hell-bent.**



## Restless Yaps

(Kick No. 5)

I SAID this was goin' to be a fair and impartial bawlin' out. So it is, folks, so it is. Hence and for that reason, I am back again ready to bruise the shins of a million or two yaps.

A dame come to a street crossin' one day on a busy street in a thrivin' town in the Middle West. (I got this story from a bimbo that bathes automobiles in the garage next door to where I park my bus. He come from the town where this took place.) They had a traffic cop on that corner. Also they had traffic lights. The light turned from green to red just as this dame got there. She was

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

leadin' a little boy by the hand. It was her kid and he was only about four years old. He kept lookin' up into his mother's face, trustin' like, because he was timid in all the noise and hustle and bustle of that prosperous mid-western burg. Well, sir, did that dame wait for the traffic light to change? Did she wait for the cop's whistle signal for traffic on the main stem to stop and for her side to move? She did not. She hesitated a fraction of a minute. Stood a fleetin' second or two leanin' over the edge of the curb like a horse champin' at the bit when the reins has been pulled up. She was one of them restless yaps, just rarin' to go. Then she went. Out into the street she dashed draggin' that poor kīd with her. A truck was comin' and she thought she could beat it across. But a awful thing happened. A tourin' car in charge of a crazy drivin' fool was passin' that

. . . restless yaps . . .

truck on the left while *goin' over the crossin'*. The dame couldn't see it from the curb. She lamped it while she was scurryin' across in front of the truck. Then she got petrified with horror and fear. She stood stock still in her tracks. The truck hit her a wallop that knocked her under the wheels of the tourin' bus. She got off with a broken leg and a couple of ribs stove in. But it was the finish of that poor little kid with the trustin' eyes and childish confidence. Even the hard-boiled cop turned his head away. The driver of the truck, a tough lookin' guy, stopped his death wagon and got out shakin' like a leaf. On the pavement just back of the hind wheels of his truck lay all that was left of the kid—a crushed little bundle in a white sailor suit, his curly yellow hair matted down with streaks of red moisture and his little face smudged with oil and dirt.



**. . . stay alive! . . .**

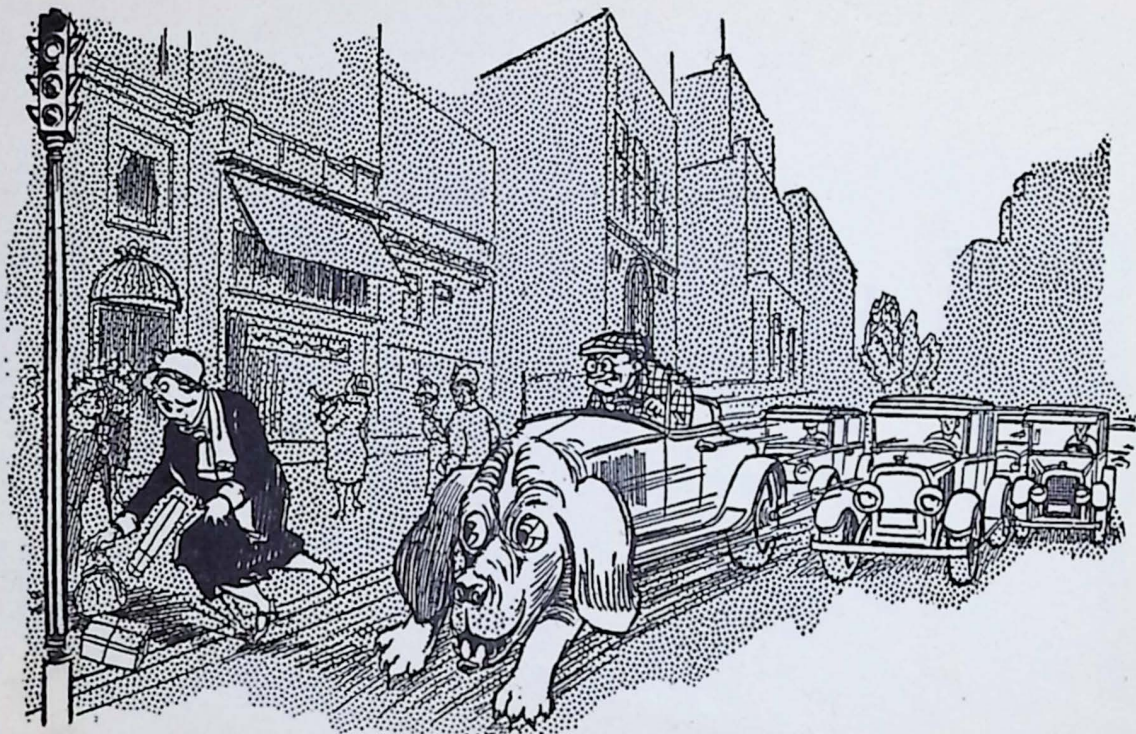
Well, Everybody, does the kick hurt a little? If it does write this one down in your book of good resolutions and then stick to it:

“When crossin’ streets I will never try to beat the traffic and I promise faithful I will observe traffic rules and signals the same as automobiles are supposed to do. Sure as shootin’ I will, because I don’t want to get bumped off yet.”

This will save a lot of grief, and besides it won't make it necessary for folks in automobiles to swear at you so much. And you can't blame them, sometimes, can you?



# **Hound Dawgs**



**A lotta bozos thinks their auto or their truck is a dawg on a leash. When the light changes to green they shoot forward like the leash busted.**



## Hound Dawgs

(Kick No. 6)

**T**HIS kick is goin' to be like the last one, except with reverse English on it. This one is goin' to land on a few million drivin' fools of the restless type.

Did you ever try to lead a spirited hound dawg on a leash? I mean did one of them kind of dawgs ever lead *you*? Perhaps you know the kind I'm referrin' to. One of them pullin', yankin', strainin', tuggin', yelpin' hounds that just can't hold back nor stay still a second. Forward march on the double quick is their main object in life. If they was a horse you'd say "Giddap" was their middle name.

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

Well, I know a lot of bozos that makes their automobiles act just like one of them restless, impatient forward-yankin' hound dawgs strainin' at a leash durin' the time they're waitin' for traffic lights to change from red to green. When they get the green they shoot forward like the leash had busted, and if they knock down a walker who ain't had time to reach the curb it's all in the day's fun to them babies. In my town, they don't have no intervenin' yellow light to give walkers a chance for their alley. The light just jumps from red to green, the autos jumps forward and the walkers jumps clean out of their skins. Well, sir, these hound dawgs sure raise the hair on a lot of scalps by scarin' people silly if they don't actually knock 'em for a row of ten pins. Look while I spread this picture out for you to see and wonder at:

A furniture rustler from the town of

. . . **hound dawgs** . . .

Midvale, a typical up-state burg, come to the big city and parked his movin' van in the garage where I put my four-wheeler to bed at night. He come in late with a load of antiques labelled household goods, which he couldn't deliver till next mornin'. While fillin' his pipe he spun the followin' true yarn about what he saw take place in Midvale that mornin':

He had come to a halt out of respect for a red bull's-eye starin' at him from a traffic pole on a corner. On the opposite side, headed toward the way he was comin' from, was one of them six-cylinder hound dawgs strainin' at the leash. The drivin' fool at the wheel had a itch on the bottom of his foot and he couldn't keep from easin' it by pressin' down on the throttle, causin' his bus to rock back and forth ready on the drop of the hat to bust forth and GO.

Like most of them birds, he had a



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

sort o' sixth sense and could tell just three seconds in advance of when the light would change. Like a yelp out of a hound his engine give a snort and, bingo! with the first ray of green from the traffic lamp, off he rushed in a quick and rip-rarin' get-away. Well, sir, a little gray-haired woman with a kindly sweet-lookin' face was just two-thirds or better across that cross walk. He brushed the back of her skirt as he shot by, jumpin' his bus almost clean off the pavement in his anxiety to be off in a hurry. He scared the daylights clean out of that motherly lookin' little old lady. She give a little squeak like a frightened mouse, stumbled up over the curb and fell on her knees with a hard whack. A sharp piece of wood was layin' on the sidewalk and one of her knees landed on the edge of it. Then she fainted. When a doctor come, he

. . . hound dawgs . . .

found a ugly cut on her knee that he said would mebbe be serious.

The ornery bozo that done that dirty low-down trick never stopped nor even looked back to see what had happened. I later heard the poor little woman got a stiff knee joint from that fall while the bum that scared the life out of her got away scott free. What the hell would he care anyhow? He'd say he didn't bump her and that would let him out. What a fine idea of fair play that is, I don't think.

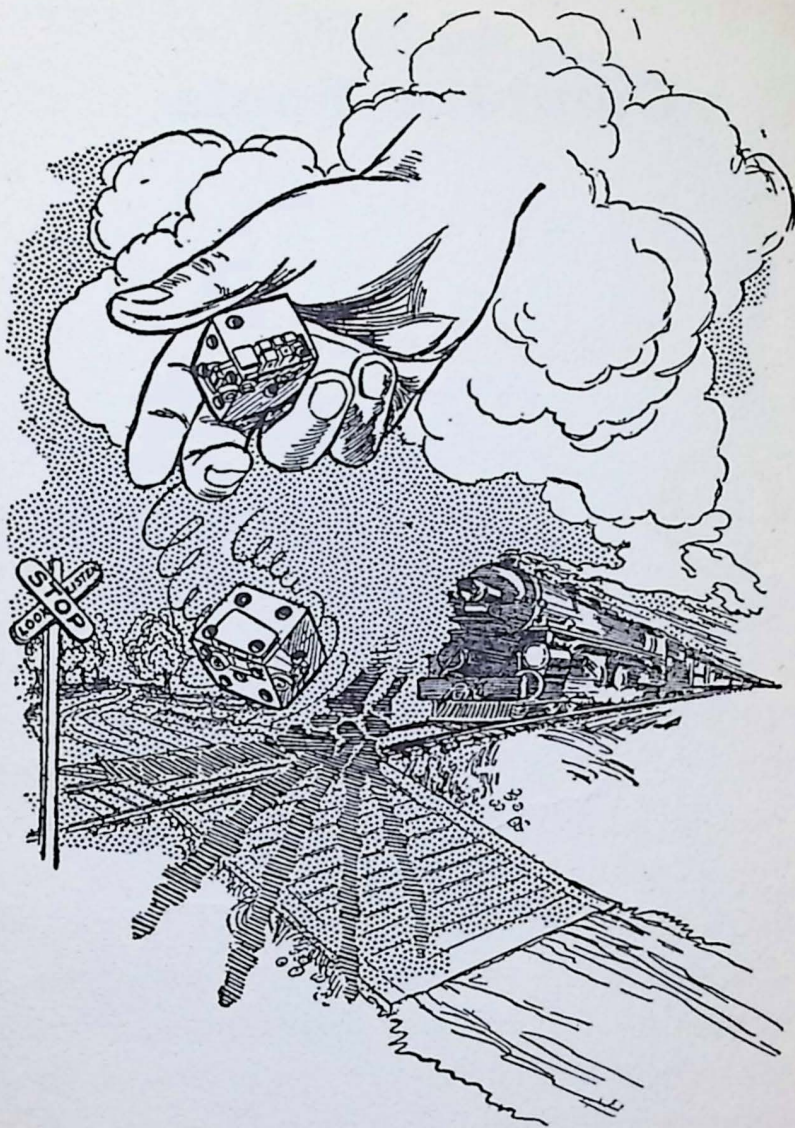
Now that woman was crossin' that street accordin' to rules and regulations. She had a right to protection. She had a right to finish in safety and peace of mind that journey from curb to curb which she started when the traffic light was in her favor. And any guy that thinks a change to green gives him the right to turn his hound-dawg-on-four-wheels loose too quick and let







# **Gamblin' Fools**



**Shakin' dice with old Boney Fingers is bum sport, 'cause he gets most of the breaks.**

## Gamblin' Fools

(Kick No. 7)

ONCE when I was a kid I saw a balloon ascension. Also a *de*-cension, all in one big show. It was at a county fair up in Michigan. The big stunt was pulled off in the afternoon—one of them old-fashioned balloon stunts, where they built a fire under a big canvas bag, filled it fuller of hot air than a Congressman, then let go of it and it went sailin' up skyward with a gamblin' fool hangin' onto a trapeze by his knees. No basket nor safety appliance nor nothin' attached to this big bag except just the trapeze and a parachute which was danglin' from one side



**. . . stay alive! . . .**

of the thing. The Big Chance Taker was supposed to grab this parachute and jump from that trapeze and make a thrill for the crowd.

He thrilled 'em good and proper, but not the way he figured. A sudden gust of wind made him lose his grip on the cross bar and he went hurtlin' from the dizzy height of two thousand feet to the ground without takin' his parachute with him. Ten thousand gapin', petrified onlookers saw him fall. He landed on a brand-new plank sidewalk outside the fair grounds, and he busted that sidewalk and every bone he had into a thousand pieces.

Some years later I was ridin' on a train. We was goin' along sixty miles per hour, when the rattler come to a sudden, grindin', jarrin' stop. Some of us passengers got out to see what was all the sudden halt for. A completely busted automobile scattered a hundred

. . . gamblin' fools . . .

feet along the right-o'-way told a mute but awful story. Over in a field where it had been tossed by the train lay a shapeless, lifeless thing which a moment before had been a livin' human bein'. And it looked just like that unlucky gamblin' balloonist lyin' on that shattered sidewalk in Michigan twenty odd years before. Some guy pointed to a sign on the crossin' nearby, a old-fashioned sign bearin' three short, terse, chuck-full-of-meanin' words: "Stop, Look, Listen." Had this guy believed in signs he would probably be alive today.

Now, the point here is this: When you gamble with your life at a railroad crossin' you take just as big a chance as the bird did that tried to do some crazy fool stunts on a trapeze tied onto a rapidly risin' balloon up in the clouds. And, furthermore, on top of that and besides, if a train happens to

. . . stay alive! . . .

wallop you, the result, as far as you is concerned, is just about the same as though you fell two thousand feet out of a balloon.

A man what bets on a horse to win a race don't do nothin' more than put up a few measly dollars as a stake. He takes a out-and-out chance the horse he guesses on will win, and that if he happens for once to be a good guesser he'll gain a few dollars. But, say you, Everybody—if you drive over a railroad crossin' and you don't slow down and shift into low gear before you cross, and don't take the time (or the trouble if you calls it such) and the precaution of lookin' both ways and listen' for trains, I say if you *don't* do all that you put up your life as the stake, and you bet your life—gamble with it, take a chance—that you will win. And gain what? I ask you what is the thing you're tryin' to gain that you are puttin'



. . . gamblin' fools . . .

your life up against? *Nothin' more valuable than a few lousy seconds of time.* You gamble for *time* and your own life is the stake.

Now, I say there ain't no percentage in gamblin' with Death. In other words, few but choice, shakin' dice with old Boney Fingers is bum sport, 'cause he gets most of the breaks.

If you want to bet your life, why not bet on a sure thing? Wait till you know it's a *safe* bet. Be like the Scotchman at the dog race. At them whippet contests they send a mechanical rabbit shootin' down the track at high speed, then turn the dogs loose and they follow the rabbit hell-bent to the end of the track, and the dog gettin' there first gets a biscuit and the guys that bet on him gets the dough. Scotty watched five races and seen the little mechanical rabbit always got home first. So he steps up to the bettin' booth, planks

. . . stay alive! . . .

down a yellow-back and says: "Hoot mon," or whatever a Scotchman does say, "I'll bet ten on the r-r-rabbit to win the next race!" He wasn't bettin' on nuthin' but a sure thing.

But, say, when you drive your bus over a railroad without slowin' down, shiftin' to low gear so you won't stall, and without lookin' both ways for trains, you ain't bettin' on a sure thing. If you see a train comin' a mile away and try to beat it across, you ain't bettin' on a sure thing.

It's the same at street intersections. If you don't slow down when your view at a intersection is shut off by a buildin', you don't bet on a sure thing. If you see a bird comin' off the side street and you don't get your bus under control till you find out if he's goin' to wait on you, you ain't bettin' on a sure thing.

Stop, look and listen, is a good, old-fashioned rule. But it's a ounce of pre-

**. . . gamblin' fools . . .**

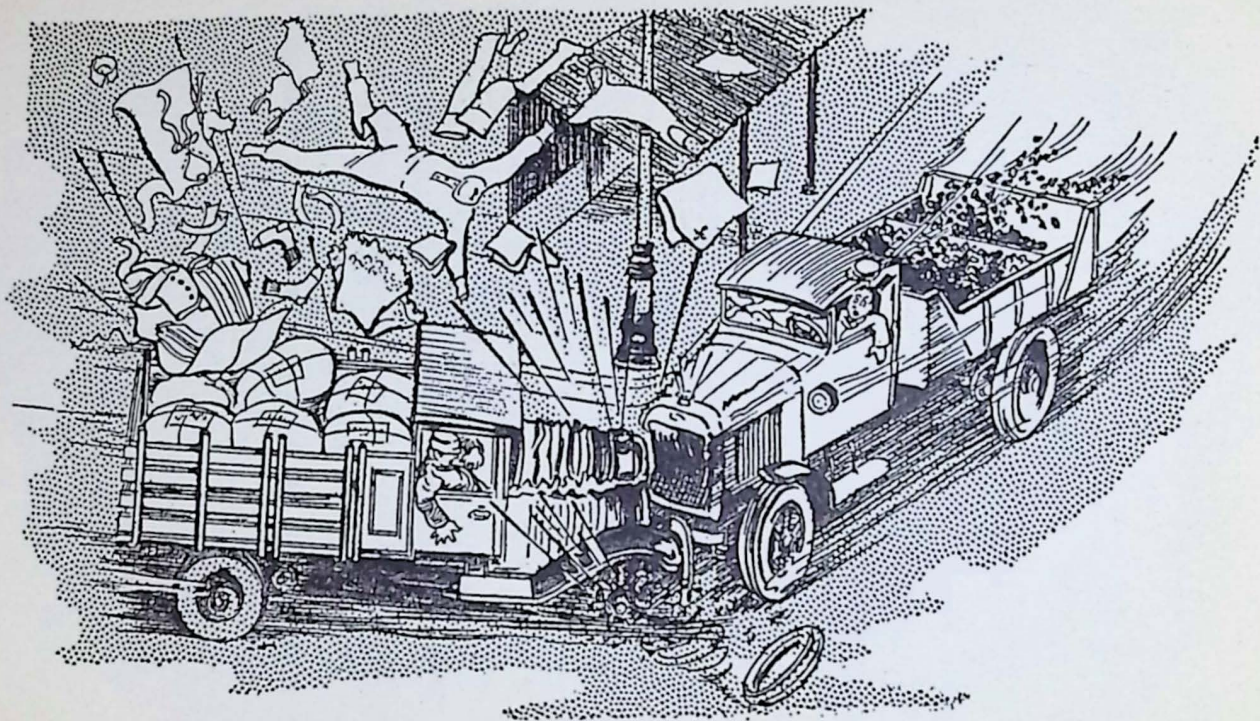
vention that is better'n all the gambler's luck in the world.

A good stiff pair o' hob-nail boots is needed when administerin' this kick in the shins to a lot of gamblin' fools I know of.



**Better gamble with your dough than with your life, 'cause you can always earn more dough.**





**With a buildin' on the corner givin' 'em a bum view, why didn't them two birds slow down approachin' that crossin'? Ask me another!**

## Joins

(Kick No. 8)

**F**OR purposes of identification, a joint in this yarn is a street intersection where two streets join, intersect or cross. I maintain that street intersections is mostly gamblin' joints, where reckless drivin' fools risk their lives.

A laundry delivery bus, one of them flivver chassays with a delivery wagon top, was bowling merrily along a street in Chicago about a year ago. I was out to the Windy City spendin' a vacation and heap plenty dough and this happened while I was there. The driver of this laundry distributin' contraption had the right-o'-way. That is, he *thought* he



. . . stay alive! . . .

had. (This right-o'-way stuff is mostly the bunk if you ask me.) He went shootin' over one of these joints, a ordinary intersection with houses on all four corners built right up to the buildin' line, givin' a bum view of the side street. Now, circumstances alters cases. And the followin' circumstances changed that right-o'-way of this laundry bird's into a hospital way:

A five-ton coal truck was bearin' down the side street. Mr. Laundryman couldn't see it account and by reason of his view bein' shut off by the house that was parked on the corner. When he did lamp it the water was over the spillway. It couldn't be stopped, held back, detoured or checked. He slammed on his brakes, skidded ten feet with his brakes locked, and that hefty travelin' coal-container, goin' twenty miles per, ploughed into him like a bowlin' ball makin' a ten strike. Starched collars



. . . joints . . .

and shirts was scattered about for half a block. Step-ins, nighties, stockin's and shirtwaists was hangin' on lamp-posts, window-sills and sign-boards in all four directions from that intersection. Wash day had come with a vengeance and those two drivin' fools was sure all washed up.

They took the poor little laundryman to a hospital, built a plaster paris cast around his legs to hold 'em together, and for all I know he lays there yet. He suffered nothin' worse than a double, splintered fracture of both his legs that crippled him for keeps, and that's nothin' to give three rousin' cheers about. It was a important injury, if you get my meanin', that this bird collected in that hell-raisin' smash up.

Now, why in tarnation, with their view obstructed like it was, didn't them two fools slow down till they could know for sure that crossin' was goin'

. . . stay alive! . . .

to be safe? Ask me another! This accident was just one of about a thousand others like it with different degrees of severity what probably happened that same day in all parts of the country.

Once I worked for a spell on a railroad. When a railroad engineer runs a locomotive in a yard where he ain't controlled by block signals and such, he has a rule which says "Be prepared to stop within your range of vision." A simple rule, ain't it? A good one for drivin' fools to learn. If the distance from a point direct in front of your car to a buildin' on the corner is fourteen feet, that's your range of vision in that direction. Then, dammit, you should be prepared to stop in fourteen feet in case a reckless boob, dead from the ears up, dashes out on the side street from behind that buildin' headin' right toward you.

Slowin' down at crossin's ain't such



. . . joints . . .

a chore at that. You'd be surprised how little time it takes in a mile or two of travelin'. Slowin' down till you find out whether the guy comin' on the cross street is goin' to wait for *you* is just a little ounce of prevention that will keep the doctor away. It's better even than an apple a day 'cause it won't give you a stummick ache like apples give some people. But it's a sure cure for the sickness (I mean the injuries and the deaths), that occurs at these intersectin' joints where half the serious accidents are pulled off. And it's a damsite safer than insistin' that you havin' the right-o'-way gives you the privilege of bein' a reckless drivin' fool. That's a kick for one shin. Now I'm goin' to kick the other one.

Dependin' too much on the other guy is often the cause of these collisions at intersections. Also, poor judgment as to what is a safe speed. You think



. . . stay alive! . . .

twenty miles per hour is safe. If you'd think about the number of feet you travel per second you'd get some idea of the awful chances you take with your life sometimes. At twenty miles per hour you go thirty feet in one second. Multiply your speedometer speed by one and a half and see what you get. That's the feet you travel per second. So when you see a bird comin' off the side street when you're both only sixty feet away from the aforementioned "joint" and both of you is runnin' twenty miles per hour, that means you'll come together on that crossin' in just exactly two seconds of time. Speakin' plain and emphatic like, there is only a couple of short, lousy good-for-nothin' seconds of time between you and a biff in the neck that may put you out for good—send you to eternity and leave your friends and cronies slobberin' over your grave,

. . . joints . . .

wipin' their eyes and sayin' "He was a good guy, but *so* careless!"

Now let this kick on both shins be a warnin' to you. Every street intersection is a danger point, which must be approached with your car under proper control, your eyes open and your mind awake. You gotta be prepared for emergency. Slow down, you reckless, chance takin', drivin' fools! Slow down as you approach intersections, because often they're dangerous, gamblin' joints where human lives are forever lost on the turn of a set of wheels, if luck happens to be against you.



*It's safe to wait 'till others  
pass,  
There ain't no doubt about  
it.*

*Tell that rule to a drivin' fool;  
Don't whisper it, but shout it.*







**Hawgs ain't so elegant at that. They is ornery critters that is crude in their manners.**



## Hawgs

*(Kick No. 9)*

**A** HAWG is a four-legged animal which I never had no particular love for except when served as a rasher of bacon with buckwheats and hot coffee. I think most people feels the same. One reason we don't take much to hawgs as pets is they is too crude in their manners. When I was a kid on a farm I used to watch a ornery old sow crowd herself into the food trough, shovin' the rest of the pigs out of the way and then squattin' right down in the middle of the trough so nobody else (the pigs I mean) could eat any of the swill that had been poured in for their

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

breakfast. The rest of 'em would put up a awful holler and a reg'lar ruckus was let loose with a chorus of squeals and grunts that would near bust your ear drums. That is one of the strongest points about a hawg. Not so elegant at that is it?

Ain't it funny then, that so many birds drivin' automobiles tries to imitate a hawg? And I'll say they is sure a great success. They squat their bus right in the center of a road, crowdin' other cars off to one side, and the squawks that go up from auto horns all around is like the squeals of the pigs bein' crowded out of the trough. Road hawgs is the cognomen these drivin' fools is known by, and they sure do merit the slam that is give 'em by common agreement of them that gets crowded off the road.

But here is another kind of hawg

. . . hawgs . . .

that's overlooked. A guy is drivin' along a highway or street. He gets to a cross road just at the same time another car does. Will he slow down a little, and courteous like let the other car pass in front of him? Not in a thousand years he won't. He won't give way to nobody. Not by a jugfull nor neither by a damsite, he won't. He's all for himself. He steps on the gas and busts over that crossin' regardless of whether the other guy has to turn into a ditch to save himself or not. He is nothin' more nor less than a selfish, crowdin', inconsiderate hawg.

Why is it so many folks that is brought up to be polite and who usually is polite in the parlor, folks who say *please* when they ask you to pass the butter, folks who take off their hats when they get in a elevator with a lady, folks who would step one side to let an-



**. . . stay alive! . . .**

other guy go through a doorway first, fergit all about bein' courteous and polite when they get behind the wheel of a automobile? Why is it that the smell of gasolene or the feel of the steerin' wheel makes 'em selfish, arrogant, inconsiderate and crude? Why do they become hawgs just because they're drivin' a car instead of doin' somethin' different? You'll have to ask some professor of psychology. I can't tell you.

What I do know is that safety and courtesy goes hand in hand like twins. They belong together just like pork and fried apples. If you ain't courteous drivin' a car you're bound to have accidents. I'll bet ninety per cent of the collisions at street intersections would be prevented, stopped, avoided and eliminated by a little bit of the Alphonse and Gaston spirit—slowin' down just as a act of courtesy to let the

. . . hawgs . . .

other guy cross over the intersection first. I'm strong for a Hawg-Extermination Week. It would help a lot.

How's your shins feel now?



*Curiosity killed a cat, but  
courtesy never killed nobody  
It's made 'em live longer.*



**What a surprise they'll get when they wake up and find out they wasn't drivin' a safety razor but just a ordinary automobile.**



## Safety Razors

(Kick No. 10)

WILL I ever fergit the first time I ever used a safety razor? It give me such a feelin' of security. I could slide that thing up and down my cheek, goin' with the grain or against it just as fast as I wanted to. I could bounce it around the corners of my chin without gettin' so much as a scratch. I could talk while I was shavin'. I could even dance a jig, turn a somersault or fall down stairs and keep right on shavin' without so much as gettin' a nick. I've used one of them contraptions now goin' on twenty year and I haven't cut myself a piece of chin in all that

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

time. From all of which blabber you'll get the idea I'm in favor of usin' safety razors for the purpose of gettin' close shaves. I am.

But, say, you and you and also the rest of you! Automobiles ain't like safety razors. You can't take close shaves with gas wagons and get away with it the same as you can with a Gillette. Not by a damsite you can't.

They is a lot of bozos who seems to think their bus has a guard built around it with a bevelled edge, screwed down tight, which will protect them from cuts, bruises, sprains, lacerations and what have you. They back up without lookin' and mebbe are lucky enough to have only a close shave instead of actually knockin' down a lamp-post or runnin' over a kid sittin' on the curb. They pull out from the curb into a traffic line without lookin' and just escape gettin' sideswiped by oncomin'

. . . safety razors . . .

cars. They shoot out of a garage without blowin' the horn or without creepin' along till they can see the sidewalk is clear for 'em to pass. They dash merrily over the street intersections (see chapter on Joints) and sometimes just miss gettin' theirselves and their cars histed over on to the sidewalk by another truck goin' the other way.

They is a few hundred thousand drivin' fools that's in a class all by theirselves. They is loony—clean off in the upper story. They is cookoo and has halloocinations, meanin' they imagine that what *ain't* really *is*. They like close shaves and they think their automobile is a safety razor that will let 'em have their close shaves with impunity. (If you know what I mean; that is without gettin' hurt.) What a surprise they is all goin' to get some day when they get slammed plumb into a hospital and wake up to find out they wasn't



. . . stay alive! . . .

drivin' a safety razor after all but just a ordinary automobile. Only in them bozo's careless hands they turned out to be Very Vicious Vehicles.

Cut out takin' them close shaves, or you'll wish you *had* bought a safety razor instead of a car.

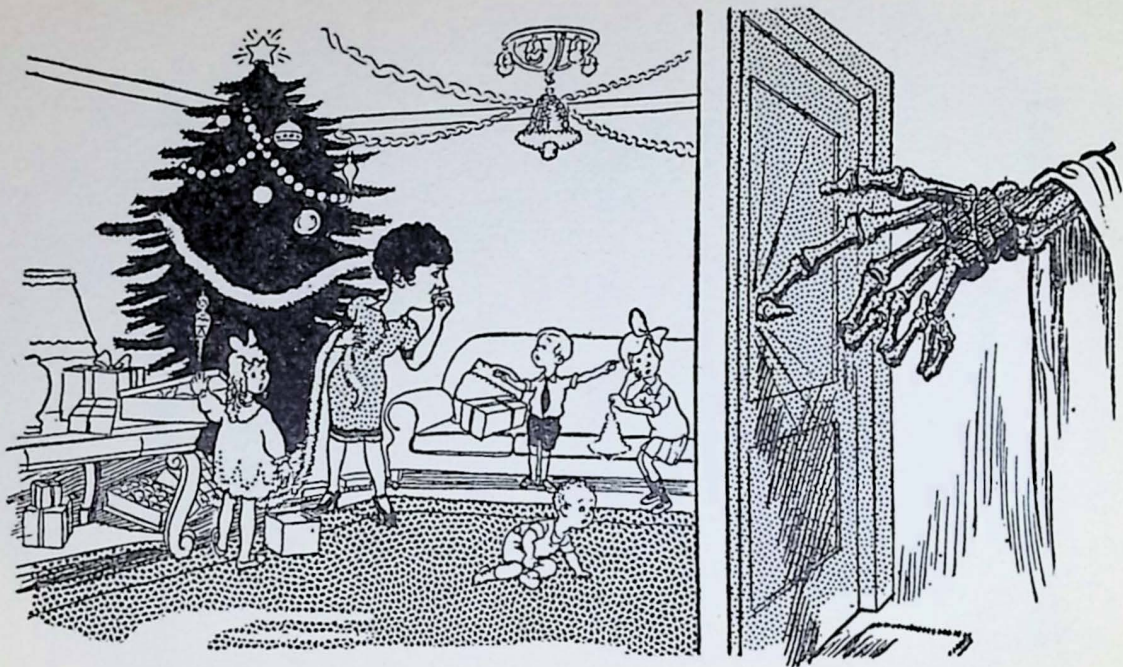
If you absorb this kick to the extent of it makin' you stop shavin' with your automobile I'll consider it a kick well spent.



*Cut out havin' close shaves on the street. That's a indoor sport that bathrooms is used for.*



# **Turnin' Into Grief**



**Instead of a bunch of toys for Christmas them kids got a funeral. Their dad forgot to look back before makin' a left turn.**



## Turnin' Into Grief

(Kick No. 11)

**T**HIS here episode in our comedy-drama of fools and yaps is most illuminatin'. It's drama with the comedy left out. In fact, as you'll see, it's one hundred per cent tragic.

The curtain goes up revealin' a livin' room in a cozy home in a ordinary common folks livin' section of a big city. Dad and the wife and three kids is eatin' chow before the aforesaid rolls-and-butter provider goes to work. He is a cracker salesman and as a business getter in his particular line he sure knows his biscuits. His firm lends him

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

a four-cylinder covered wagon with fancy painted sides with which and for the purpose of distributin' his wares. It's three days before Christmas and already the merry merry spirit fills the household. The kids is on edge, countin' the days and the hours and also the toys they just knows that little fat bellied rogue, Santy, is goin' to bring 'em. Childish prattle and laughter fills the dinin' room. Dad finishes his coffee and sinkers, wipes his chin on his shirt sleeve and puts on his coat and hat and his wind-breaker and gauntlets and is all set for a big day in the biscuit line. The kids dance 'round him and Ma gives him a playful dig in the ribs and tells him with a sly wink if he sees Mr. Claus to be sure and tell him about that sled Tommy wants. At this point the curtain falls and we are ready for the next act.

Folks, this is the hard part. It's hard

. . . turnin' into grief . . .

for me to tell it, but it was a tough part for the actors (friends of a guy I know well) who played the parts in real life, 'cause this is another true story. After leavin' his happy home that mornin' this cracker salesman two hours later parks his gas wagon in front of a store. He goes in and gets rid of a box of cookies and comes out again and gets up on the driver's seat. Then, without lookin' back behind him on the left side of his wagon to see what's comin', he pulls out into the traffic line and the front end of his wagon gets hit a terrific wallop by a big truck that was comin' along unconcerned like and makin' better'n eighteen miles per hour, speedometer speed. When they dug the cracker salesman out of the wreckage he was unconscious. I mean he'd gone out like a light. When they lifted him out of the ambulance at the hospital



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

door half a hour later he was dead. Instead of gettin' a bunch of toys his kids got a funeral. Instead of puttin' candles on a tree they put 'em around their daddy's coffin. It was a tough break. From sunshine to sorrow, deep and lastin', was the fate of that little family—and all for why?

I'll tell you why. Because this guy didn't exercise the muscles of his neck just enough to look behind him before he turned his bus out from the curb into a traffic line. He stuck his hand out and thought that was enough. He didn't count on some bird comin' drivin' along like blazes, whose mind was wool gatherin' like his own.

You, Everybody, I've heard of a lot of accidents just like this one. Drivin' fools that turn out in front of other cars without knowin' of their own observation whether it's safe. Turnin' out or

. . . turnin' into grief . . .

turnin' complete without findin' out by lookin' whether the car that might be comin' behind has got their hand signal and is slowin' down to let 'em turn. Turnin' into grief! What th' hell have they got eyes for? Why did old Dame Nature give 'em a swivel neck that they can turn their head with and make due and proper observations in back of 'em with if she didn't intend 'em to protect their rear? How many million fools they is that never takes this little precaution the devil only knows and he won't tell because, I think, he is the master mind that is promotin' this carelessness for his own benefit. Business in Hades must be rotten, judgin' by the methods he is resortin' to in order to get more customers. I'll bet half the collisions between autos that takes place, is where some bozo is makin' a turn careless like without knowin' what he is turnin' into before he turns.

**. . . stay alive! . . .**

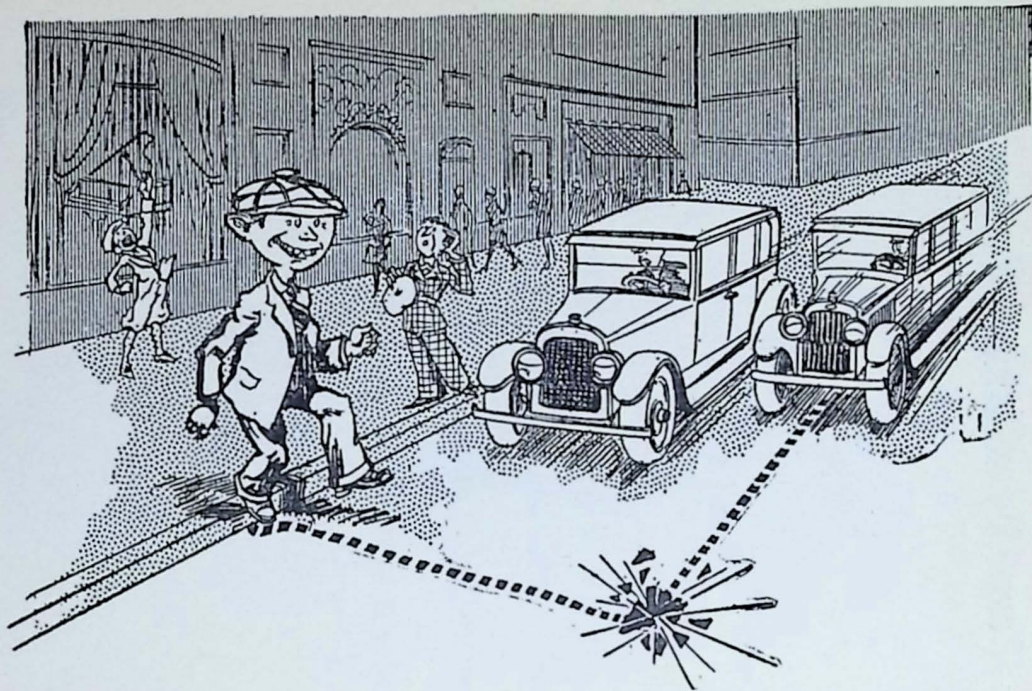
Do you drivin' fools get the point of this kick sufficient to remember it always? I wonder.



*To save your life you'd  
better learn  
To look behind before you  
turn.*



# **Jay-Walkin' Yaps**



Jay-Walkin' Yaps thinks the shortest route to any place is via the much abused Bee-line. Why should they wait till they get to the next crossin'? A parked car hides the car that's comin', and bingo! Bring on a stretcher!

## Jay-Walkin' Yaps

(Kick No. 12)

**M**OST people thinks the shortest distance between two points is just simply from here to there. The only route they can see to any place when walkin' is via the well known though much abused bee-line. Short and direct is their motto when crossin' a street, and if they is in the middle of the block when they decides they want to get to the other side, why should they wait till they get to the next crossin'? By that time they might change their minds or somethin'. So therefore, pronto, out they ducks into the feverish highway which is burnin' up with the friction of



**! ! . stay alive! . . .**

rubber tires passin' over it continuous. Mebbe they is lucky and gets to the opposite shore, I mean curb, without takin' a forced nose-dive due to and by reason of a rushin', on-comin', naptha wagon, commonly called a automobile, hittin' 'em where they least expected it.

They say that figures don't lie. Of course back in the days of bustles and corsets you never could tell, but nowadays it's different. You can usually depend on what you see as bein' a fact. And so, at the risk of bein' a bore, I'm goin' to show you a couple of figures or two. On paper I mean.

Not so long ago, I was talkin' to a guy who was doin' some work for the Police Department of the big city of New York, helpin' to educate six million folks how to save their skins, their scalps and their dignity on the streets of their fair city. He kept a record of the

. . . jay-walkin' yaps . . .

killin's of walkers. In one year they was 542 people bumped off by autos while crossin' streets. Only 190 of 'em was annihilated at crossin's. The rest of 'em, which was two-thirds of the total, took the count while crossin' in the middle of the block, though them that crossed in the middle of the block was way in the minority.

When yaps crosses a street in the middle of the block usually a parked car standin' by the curb shuts off their view. He and she can't see what's comin'. They steps in front of a on-comin' tourin' car, taxi, truck or what have you got, and takes a wallop that transports 'em to the land of the great majority. Whether that be heaven or some other well known place you'll have to figure out for yourself.

Now, the main point in this here yarn, if you by chance ain't got it yet, is that it's safer to cross streets at regular

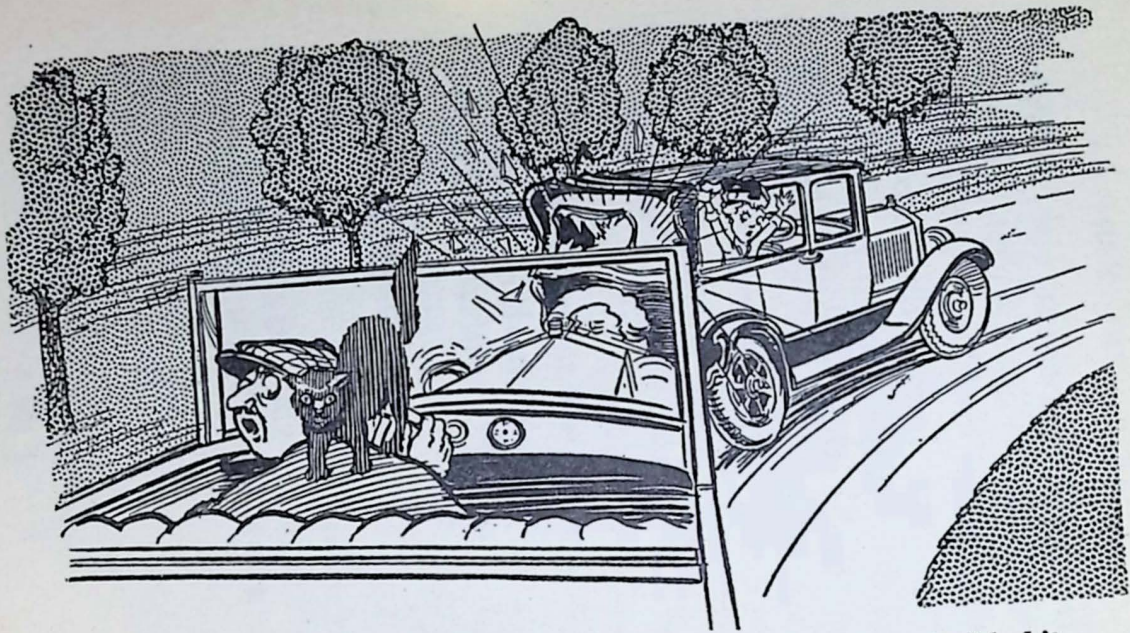
. . . **stay alive!** . . .

crossin's. As a habit to follow it's got jay-walkin' skinned a mile. The trouble with jay-walkin' yaps, they is most generally wool gatherin' at the time and they steps out into the most dangerous part of a street without thinkin' and without lookin'. The birds that is drivin' cars don't expect to find no one there, and then suddenly out from behind a parked car steps Mr. or Mrs. Yap and then—bingo! Bring on a stretcher and a broom and sweep up the remains! That's all that's left to do.

But regardless of where you cross, cultivate the habit of *lookin' both ways first*. The muscles in your neck need exercise. From my observations, fair and impartial, I calculate they is ten million yaps in this country that is muscle-bound in the neck. This kick is for them, too.







It wasn't no black cat, nor jinx nor bad luck, just his own fool habit  
o' followin' too close to the car in front.

## Black Cats

(Kick No. 13)

ONE evenin' some years back I was called on as a Man of Experience to give a safety talk at a meetin' of auto drivers and their wives and sweethearts in the operry house of a small town. The affair was called a safety rally, where those attendin' was supposed to get the low down on their careless habits from bozos like me who'd been through the mill. Right in the middle of one of the real serious parts of my little talk, friend audience commenced to laugh. A snicker first rippled over the house like water in a pond ripples when you drop a stone in



. . . stay alive! . . .

the middle of it. I hadn't pulled no boner nor wise crack, so I was naturally stumped for a minute tryin' to figure what was all the hilarity about. I even looked down to see if I had busted a button off my vest or somethin'. Finally when the laughs got to reachin' a high pitch I looks around behind me. A little black kitten had come out from back stage and climbed up on the bass drum which had been left over from the musical part of the show. Every time I would make a pass with my right, not to sock anybody mind you, but just to put a punch into some point I was drivin' home, why that there cat would make a pass at my coat tail with its paw. No wonder my dear public out front was gettin' hysterics. So I picked the kitten up, stuck it under my left arm, and after makin' some light remark about the cat havin' talent, I went ahead with my speech.

. . . **black cats** . . .

Again I swung my right to make emphatic my sayin' that Carelessness is a demon that takes people's lives, when a woman in the front row, evident thinkin' I was makin' a pass at her or somethin', why she goes and faints dead away and rolls out of her seat on the floor. A coupla huskies jumps up and carries her out like she was a bag of wheat. Well sir, you and the rest of you, I knew then that little black cat was a jinx, a hoodoo and a ebony pound and a half of bad luck all in one. So I walks back stage and puts it in a dressin' room and locks the door, after which I finishes my oration in peace.

This only will prove to them that believes in jinxes, as such, that black cats is all they is cracked up to be. So therefore I am now ready to announce that accidents is the black cats of highway travel. They is the jinxes that

. . . stay alive! . . .

makes tourin' embarrassin' to say the least. So, all you got to do is tie a can to your careless, thoughtless, reckless drivin' habits and a lot of these unlucky hoodoos we hear so much ravin' about will vamoose, disappear and be done away with. Because, after all, I think the jinxes, if they really be such, is all inside the domes of them that drives the cars.

I know of a bozo, drivin' a big truck for a milk company, that had four accidents in one year. Each one of 'em was just like the others. He slammed the car ahead of him when traffic stopped for any reason whatsoever. Three times all he done was bust a bumper. The fourth time he hit harder than he was accustomed to and stove in the back end of a tin lizzie like it was a egg shell. Two women was in the rear seat. One of 'em give a scream that wasn't just fright. You could hear it



. . . **black cats** . . .

way above the other dame's scream. It was one of them piercin', blood curdlin' screams indicatin' she was hurt and hurt bad. They wasn't no boloney about it. They took her to one of them buildin's that's full of white iron beds with tender-hearted dames in gray uniforms hoverin' about. And there, my friends, she just closed her eyes and in a final spasm of pain and sufferin' she went and died.

The bird that drove his truck into her thought it was sure a tough break. Thought he oughta got off with just another bumper bein' cracked as per usual, which only shows how you never can tell how serious any teeny-weeny little accident is goin' to be. This truck drivin' fool thought a jinx was followin' him all the time; that a black cat musta been perched on his shoulder every time he had one of them bumps. But the black cat, if any, was right under-

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

neath that little brown peaked cap he wore. It was his own careless, inattentive, thoughtless habit of followin' too close behind the car in front to allow himself a safe brakin' distance in which to stop if traffic come to a halt sudden like, which was the real cause of all them four accidents of his. It was unlucky a woman happened to be in the seat of that flivver, sure. Unlucky for her. But if this bozo what killed her had of drowned his black cat right after he had his first little accident the final tragedy wouldn't have happened. If he had of stopped huggin' the car in front of him and used a little of the old reliable stuff they call Common Sense there wouldn't have been no black cat in the first place.

Everybody has got to drown the black cats by correctin' their own careless drivin' habits, if they want to get rid of the accident jinx. And this kick in

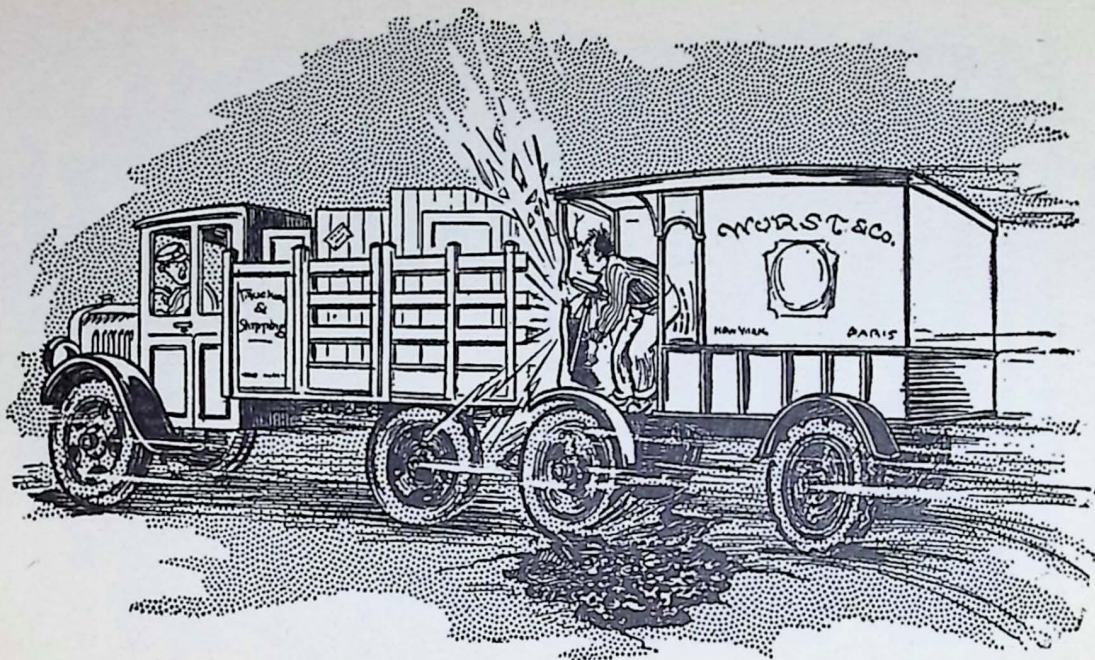
. . . **black cats** . . .

the shins is meant for every Tom, Dick and Harry and their wives and sisters who thinks that luck has anythin' to do with safety.



Don't try to hug the car in front o' you. Wait till you get home and hug your wife.





He wasn't lookin', hit a bum spot in the street, and the steerin' wheel  
was jerked out o' his hand.

## Sleepy Drivin' Fools

(Kick No. 14)

ONCE upon a time—now don't jump at conclusions, this ain't goin' to be no fairy story. But as I started to say, once upon a time a guy was drivin' a delivery bus back to the store where he worked at, or rather from. I don't just recollect the particular burg this one took place in, but what difference does it make? Let's call it Coryopolis. That'll make it the more mysterious and be in keepin' with the yarn I'm goin' to tell, which is a true yarn though it's a mystery how it ever could have happened. But then the whole accident business is a mystery to

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

most people anyway. If they'd go and gaze in the lookin' glass they'd solve the mystery in a jiffy.

Well, as I was about to say when I interrupted myself, this guy was drivin' along at a easy gait, not breakin' no speed laws nor nothin'. He had a small electric delivery wagon which couldn't run more'n ten miles an hour if you coaxed it with a stick of candy. Mebbe that's why he was asleep, or at least he must of been accordin' to what took place. The front wheels of his little toy electric hit a bum spot in the street—one of them holes six inches deep and a foot wide, where the town was too poor to put in a new chunk of ashfalt. It jerked the steerin' wheel out of the driver's hand and jerked him out of the pleasant dreams he was havin'. The electric swerved to the right and rammed a truck that was parked next to the curb.



**. . . sleepy drivin' fools . . .**

Now, them electrics is vicious as hell in one way. They never know enough to stop goin'. Such a jar would have stalled the engine of a gas bus, but this one kept right on goin', at least its motor did. The little feller on the seat was thrown heavy against the steerin' wheel, knockin' the wind out of him, and he couldn't shut off the power. Besides he hadn't waked up enough to know what it was all about. Well, sir, that electric motor just kept grindin' on and pushin' his vehicle up against that big truck. It ground the dashboard on his own front end into splinters, and before it got through it chewed that driver's leg (one of 'em) into a pulp. They got him out, took him to a hospital and cut his leg off above the knee. His happy dream turned into a nightmare! What a break! What a tough deal! What a lotta grief and sufferin'

. . . stay alive! . . .

and pain and inconvenience and hard sleddin' that boy went through 'cause he *wasn't lookin' where he was goin'!*

I know one big house where I worked for a spell that has a lot of trucks on the street. They has three or four accidents every month, caused by and by reason of the trucks hittin' bad spots in the pavement and the drivers losin' control of the cars. Sleepy drivin' fools! Can't people keep awake enough to see what's right plumb in front of their noses on the pavement and either turn out to avoid them places or else slow down, take a firm grip on the wheel, and pass over them spots easy and careful instead of bouncin' over 'em like they was at Coney Island takin' in the Rocky Road to Dublin? That is one of the aforesaid mysteries of this accident business. This kick in the shins won't hurt you as much as it hurt that poor

. . . sleepy drivin' fools . . .

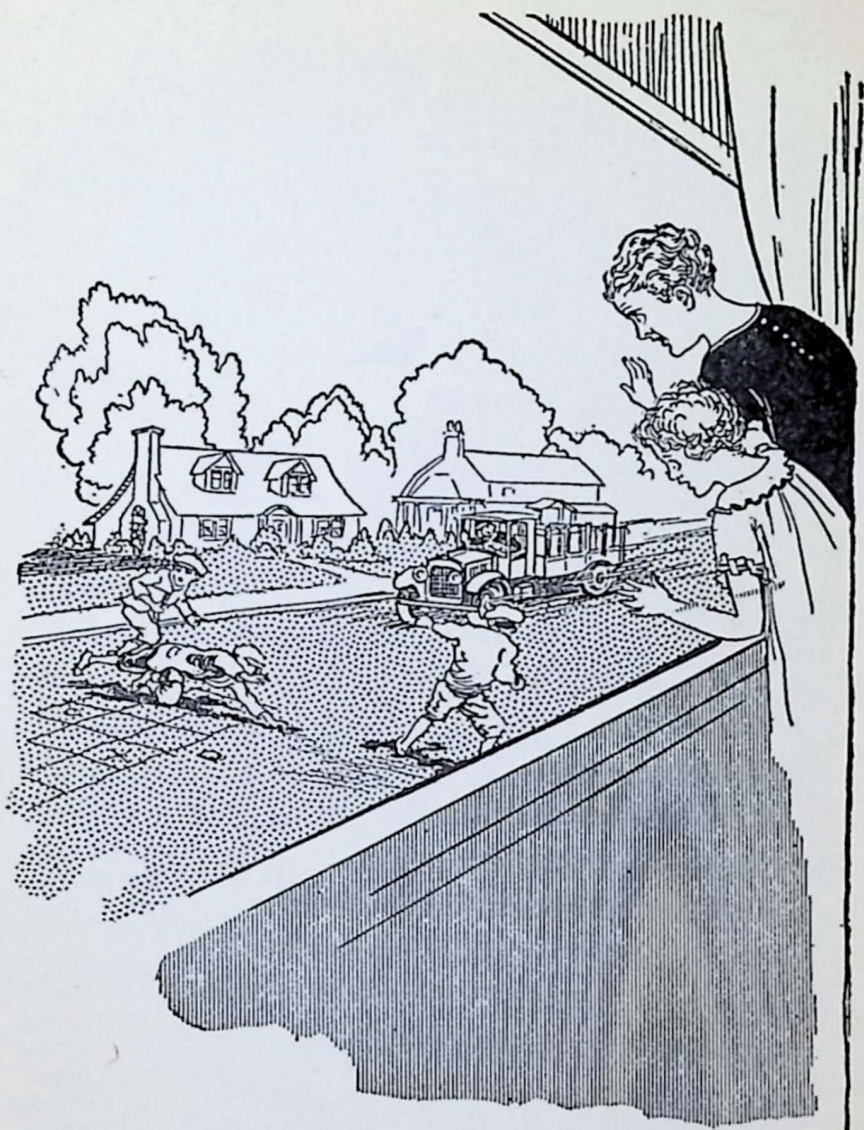
little guy who lost his leg, so mebbe it won't do you no good. But don't blame me. At least I've warned you.



*"Eyes front" is more'n just a military command. It is for everybody, in or out of uniform, that drives a car.*







**Every pa and ma oughta teach their kids  
how plumb dangerous it is to play in the path  
o' the output of America's greatest industry.**

## Teach 'Em Young

(Kick No. 15)

**D**URIN' the Big War I was doin' a little public ballyhoo in behalf of one of Uncle Sam's financial ventures known as the Liberty Loan. The boys in the army, includin' one of mine, had to have uniforms and chow and bunks to sleep in, and some of us that was nothin' but mere patriotic parents, sallied forth unflinchin'ly and put in a few words and appeals for everybody to give till it hurt. Well, on this tour about town we had in our party a guy in uniform who had come back from the front with a sleeve without any arm in it. Somebody asked him



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

one day what was the most impressive thing he seen in France outside of the big battle itself. He told this one as the thing that stuck in his crop the most:

They had a aviator in the French army who was a wow. He had a long French name, but as this here book is supposed to have only plain words, easy to read, I'll call him Guy for short. Well, Guy was the most noted flier in all France at the time. He never had flew the Atlantic. He had never took some flossy jane on a hop over a big stretch of deep water, nor had any of them kind of excitin' adventures. But about every other day he would hop into his plane modest like, fly out over the enemy lines, shoot down a coupla Heinies, fly back to his aviation field, wipe off his goggles, and cut a coupla more notches in his machine gun. His darin' stunts and his success in depletin' the German air forces had pushed him



. . . teach 'em young . . .

deep into the hearts of the people. He was a great national hero and was worshipped by everybody.

One day he went aloft as per usual and disappeared over the enemy lines to do battle to the foe. The day wore on and he didn't come back. Anxiety grew into sorrow, for Guy, the greatest flier in all France, had gone on another flight to meet the foe and this time he had *not come back!* The shock of them tidin's went like a knife thrust into the heart of every inhabitant. Old man Bad News had cut 'em, and cut 'em deep. Even the little youngsters stood on the streets readin' the bulletins with tears streamin' down their cheeks, for their Guy, ace of aces, greatest aviator of all, had gone forth once more to battle, and he hadn't come back. The grief of the people, this lad said, over the loss of their idol, made a deep and lastin' impression on his mind.

. . . stay alive! . . .

You parents! Here today, in this peaceful country of ours, we have our Guys too. I don't mean our aviators. I don't mean our soldiers, neither do I mean our cops nor our brave firemen who risk their lives frequent to protect our lives and our homes. I mean the ten thousand and more carefree, bright, good-lookin', healthy youngsters who start out from their homes durin' each year for school or the store or to play, and—*who never, never come back!* That is, except on a white-sheeted stretcher that bears 'em, crushed and dead, to the arms of their heartbroken parents. Can we do anythin' about it—can *you parents* do anythin' about it—to make this killin' of the innocents stop? Yes, you can! Now listen.

Safety, like charity, begins, starts, commences and takes root in the home. Leastways it ought to. Trouble is, so many fathers and mothers is yaps them-

. . . teach 'em young . . .

selves; they don't do their duty, and then they wonder why Providence could be so unkind when one of their offspring gets hurt by a automobile. About one half of the deaths by automobiles and trucks is little kids under twelve or fourteen years of age.

Youngsters' fond parents teaches 'em how to brush their teeth so they won't get the toothache, but they neglects to teach 'em how to cross a street in a manner that they won't get bumped by a tin can on four wheels with a wool-gatherin' driver twistin' the wheel. They teach their boys and girls how to wash their hands and face so they won't get pimples, but they never think of showin' 'em how dangerous it is to play in the path of the output of America's greatest industry. They learn their kiddies to wear rubbers when its rainin' so they won't catch a cold in the chest, but they pass up the job of instructin' 'em not



. . . stay alive! . . .

to step into the street from behind some parked car where they can't see what's comin' along that might hurt 'em bad. They spend a lot of dough, these careless parents, on givin' their offspring a decent education, and never think of protectin' 'em by warnin's, scoldin's, advice or discipline that will save 'em so they'll grow up and enjoy the benefits of that school education. Then they lay it all on the Automobile Driver or else on Fate or the Will o' God or Bad Luck, if their child gets hurt or killed by a truck. Most accidents to youngsters that has happened a little caution on the kid's part might have prevented. All they needed was to have had it drilled into 'em to the extent that self-caution had become as natural to 'em as pourin' milk on their corn-flakes.

They just needed to be kept after till Safety became a habit with 'em, like sayin' "please" and "thank you" be-

. . . teach 'em young . . .

comes a habit, if kids is taught right in the beginnin'.

All I got to say more than above to parents is this: It's up to you to give your kids all the help you humanly can to protect their innocent young lives.

Young folks has gotta learn from the day they first begin to toddle that streets is places where they gotta look out. A daily lesson in safety is what they need, just like they need air to breathe, food to eat and water to drink. It's one of the necessities o' Life, if you get what I mean. Teach 'em among other things:

*To cross streets only at crossin's;*

*To look first to left, then to right, before crossin';*

*To wait till it's safe to cross;*

*To obey traffic signals;*

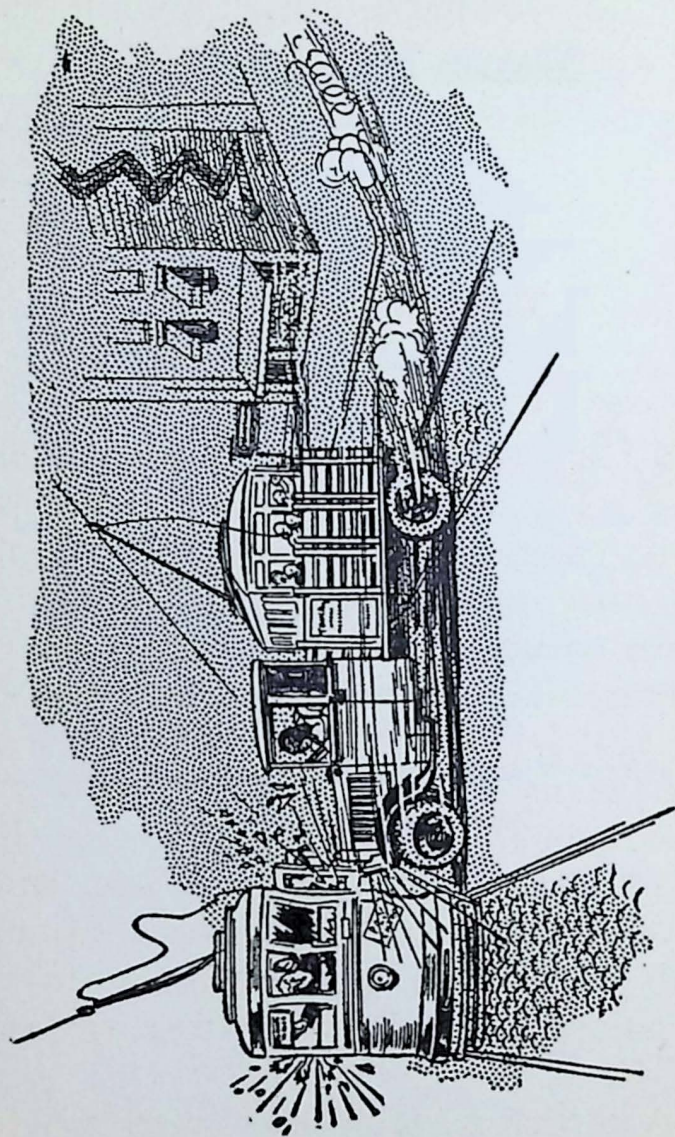
*To play on sidewalks, in parks or other safe places;*

*To never hitch on trucks or autos.*





# **Bum Brakes**



**Drivin' with bum brakes is a cruel crime against humanity.**

## Bum Brakes

(Kick No. 16)

**W**HAT is the first thing to do when you take that bus of yours out on the street at the beginnin' of each day's excitement, pleasure, work or whatever you're engaged in? You got it. Sure, make a runnin' test of the brakes! Go to the head of the class, you, whoever made that correct answer. The next thing you do, of course, if you find anythin' wrong with 'em, and if you're still in a sane frame of mind, is to go quick and get your brakes fixed or adjusted, or relined or whatever they needs.

With that off the chest, I'll tell you a



. . . stay alive! . . .

story. Just another one of them amazin' but true outlines of history concernin' the life and habits of the common variety of drivin' fool. A dusky gent was a locomotive engineer—that is to say for eight to ten hours every day he rested one of his feet on the throttle of a five-ton locomotive in the shape of a truck which run from here to there and elsewhere in New York City. One fine day he was comin' down a hill about a block long on one of the main business streets of Manhattan. It musta been a main street, because it was lined on both sides with delicatessen stores, collar and necktie emporiums and drug shops, which is about all they is to a main street in some parts of America's biggest urban center. Well, anyhow, this ebony pilot of a truck as big as a stone crusher was comin' down hill too fast. He was exceedin' the right and lawful speed of the town, accordin' to a cop

. . . **bum brakes** . . .

who seen him at the top of the hill. The cop give him the high-sign to stop. He didn't. He couldn't. He rushed on down to the bottom of the hill, just missed a street car loaded with passengers, bounced that truck of his over the car tracks like it was a big iron jumpin' bean, and went on for another block before he finally come to a halt by cuttin' his wheels into the curb. The cop run up breathless and pinched the darky. They run his truck to a police station and found they wasn't no brakes on the car. The linin' was wore off threadbare. His emergency was useless, too. It was just a plain miracle that he didn't go right plumb through the middle of that trolley car on the cross street at the bottom of that hill.

This colored boy was workin' for a kabitzer who run a scrap iron yard. He owned the truck. He was too mean and ornery to spend a nickel on the upkeep



**. . . stay alive! . . .**

of that truck. The boy got fined twenty-five bucks for violatin' the law by runnin' a motor vehicle without sufficient, adequate, and proper brakin' power.

Now, most all concerns operatin' a fleet o' trucks maintains departments for the repair and proper upkeep of their equipment, includin' brakes, which are inspected every day. Also their drivers, like me, is supposed to report anythin' they discover that's wrong. That is how it should be. And who, I ask you, has a better chance to know when brakes is on the blink than the guy what drives the four-wheel boiler that has 'em. Then, by heck, your boss expects you to report pronto when your brakes goes blooey or gets out of adjustment and such.

A squad of ten special cops in New York four years ago (accordin' to my friend who worked in Headquarters)



. . . bum brakes . . .

was put to work inspectin' brakes on cars on the street. The first year they found twenty-three times one thousand cars with bum brakes, which only goes to show I ain't kiddin' or handin' out a lot of boloney when I say a lot of folks don't look after their brakes, the most important part of their car, like they should.

To drive without brakes that is O.K. is a crime, a cruel, beastly crime against humanity. Half the accidents that happen, I don't care if it's where a jay-walker runs out in front of you, where another careless driver cuts in front of you, or where some innocent little kid hop-skips across your path, half of 'em I say, can be prevented if *your* car has a good set of brakes, that are adjusted proper and in the condition they're supposed to be. So that's that, and I don't mean perhaps.

Let this kick be a tip to you, Every-

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

body. This is a urgent call and it cries out loud for action.

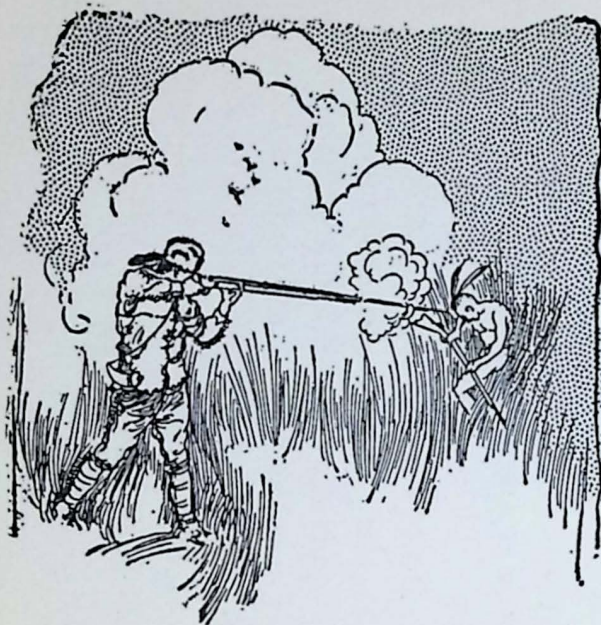


*Bad brakes causes more  
harm than bad manners,  
and makes many a good  
driver look like thirty cents.*

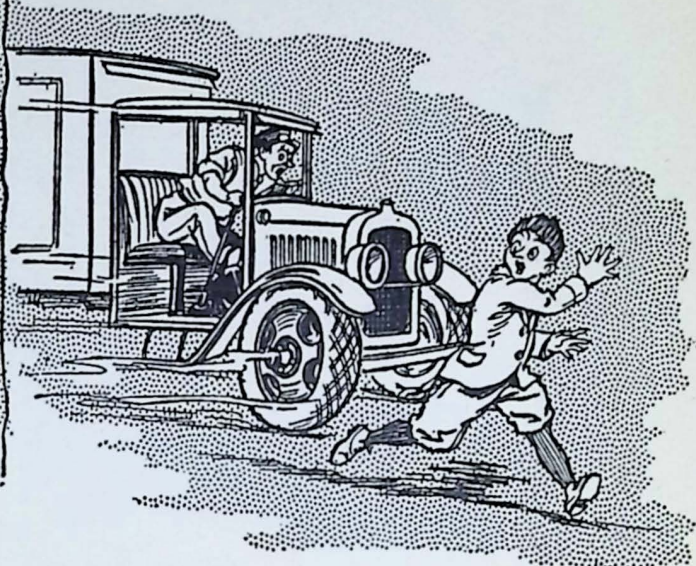


# **Slow Trigger**





**Bein' quick on the trigger got 'em in  
the old days.**



**Bein' *slow* on the trigger (meanin' the  
brakes) gets 'em to-day.**

## Slow Trigger

(Kick No. 17)

**W**HEN I was a kid I was one of them plumb healthy, active, excitement-lovin' youngsters that was always gettin' bawled out for somethin' by Pa and Ma. One of the things I got bawled out for aplenty was for readin' dime novels, a kind of liter'ture that went out with the comin' in of the movies. The only difference between them dime novels and movin' pictures is that the aforesaid two-nickel story books was merely blood curdlin' without no sex stuff in 'em and was read on the sly mostly by kids, while movies is both blood curdlin' and full of sex stuff and is looked at by everybody.



. . . stay alive! . . .

Well, in them cheap novels of the good old days, Two Gun Pete and Dead Eye Dick was real heroes. Quick-on-the-trigger them babies was. Will I ever fergit how Sally, the sweet little red haired daughter of a cow rustler, was asleep in the covered wagon they was livin' in, and the old man was puttin' the horses to bed? A rustlin' sound is heard in the tall grass, and quick as a flash old Two Gun Pete whips his trusty cannon from his belt and—bang, bang! Another redskin bites the dust.

There was a kind of romance about them killin's, and bein' quick on the trigger sure did snuff out the life of a occasional redskin or desperado. Served 'em right, though, for they was out to do somebody dirt, such as parin' the scalp off their head with a bowie knife or pluggin' 'em with a slug of lead and stealin' their cattle and other low-down mean tricks. In other words,



. . . **slow trigger** . . .

bein' quick on the trigger took a occasional life for reasons of self-defense.

Today it's different. Bein' *slow* on the trigger takes lives, not just occasional like, but plenty times every day. Mass production in killin' is the custom of to-day, and bein' *slow* on the trigger, or, to be exact, bein' slow in gettin' automobile brakes to workin' in case of emergency, is one reason for it.

A guy was drivin' along at a easy gait one day in a new-fangled flivver that boasts of four-wheel brakes. A healthy, happy-go-lucky, ordinary youngster, a boy about ten years old, hopped out into the street forty feet in front of him chasin' a ball. He stumbled and fell. The guy in the flivver slammed on his brakes. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, and in spite of all he done to avoid it, he biffed the poor kid in the neck just as he was startin' to get up and killed him outright. The bird that

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

done the killin' put up a awful howl. Just couldn't understand it 'cause he knew at the speed he was goin' he oughta have stopped in far less than he did. Trouble is, he didn't realize he was slow on the trigger like most everybody is when it comes to liftin' their hoof off the gas and puttin' it on the brake.

You, Everybody, don't fergit it takes time to get your brakes to workin' *after* you discover danger in front of you. I've tried *myself* out and I know. I think I'm as quick in case of emergency as most folks, but I've practiced when they was no danger (only I pretended they was), and would you believe it, when I'm goin' thirty miles a hour and a signal is give me to stop pronto, my car will run about twenty feet before I can begin to start to commence to get my brakes to workin'. Goin' twenty miles a hour it takes me about fifteen feet of travelin' before I can get them brakes



. . . **slow trigger** . . .

applied. So, therefore and whereupon, if some half-witted bird drivin' another bus dashes out of a side street from behind some buildin' headin' across your path, you lose plenty precious feet of travel before you even begin to bring your four-wheeled boiler to a stop. The reason is plain to see. Your automobile or your truck is heavy. It has power. It runs on round wheels that is ball-bearin' and well oiled and greased. It has Momentum spelled with a capital M. On the other hand your right leg is not already in motion. It is in calm repose with your foot restin' on the gas. You got to go through the motion of telephonin' down to it and then start the muscles into action that will lift that heavy dog of yours upwards onto the brake pedal. All that while your bus is travelin', travelin', gettin' closer to danger all the time. Sure, you grab your emergency too, but, nevertheless, and



**. . . stay alive! . . .**

notwithstandin', your auto is rollin' onward while you're doin' it.

So, to prevent messin' up the pavement with your junk and your carcass, or mebbe somebody else's, why just start to slow down and get under control as you approach street intersections where the view is bum, or where folks is crossin', or where kids is playin'. Do it before Danger jumps out at you. Then the break will be in your favor. That's my say on this particular item in the catalogue of proper drivin' habits, and I ain't kiddin' when I say it.

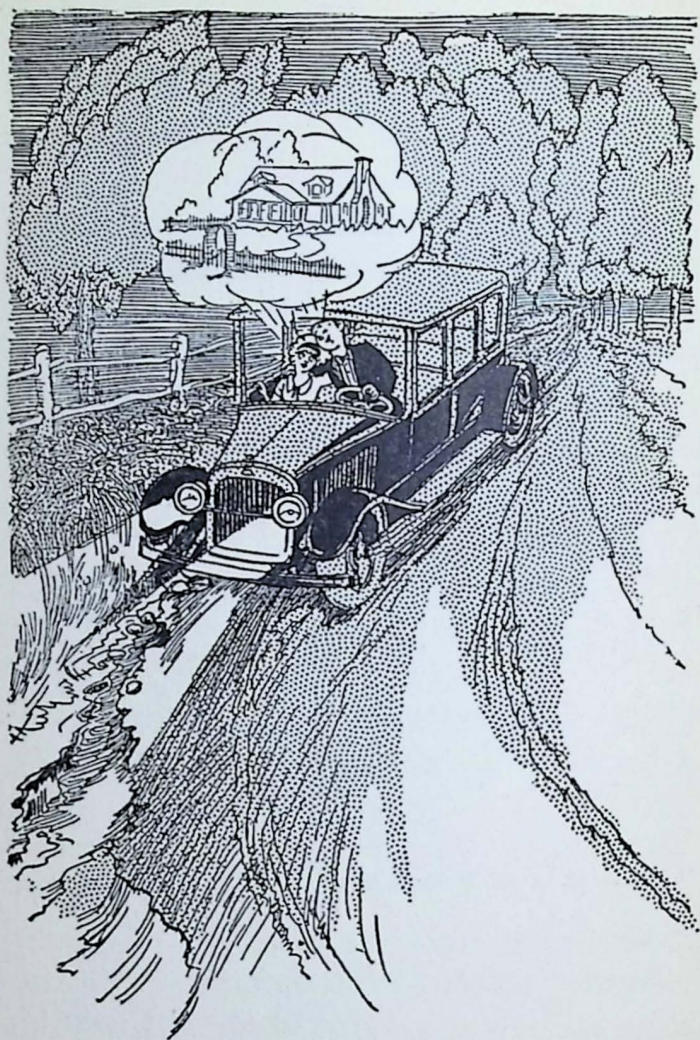
This kick is for them that thinks their foot will work as quick as their wish when stoppin' is urgent.



*Slowin' down when nearin'  
street crossin's helps you to  
Stay Alive!*



# **One Arm Pilots**



**Jack had one arm around lovely, beautiful  
Jill—and then come the rude awakenin'.**



## One Arm Pilots

(Kick No. 18)

THE guy I'm now startin' to tell about went by the cognomen of Jack. A good all-round American name and the guy that was tagged with it was a good scout. He went with a girl. I don't recall her name, but to make it easy to remember I'll call her Jill. Well, these two was engaged to get hooked, spliced and cemented together for better or worse. They had decided to take the ups and downs of life together. In other words, they was goin' to get married. This male adventure-some spirit had worked hard, saved his dough, and built a cozy hut that was

. . . stay alive! . . .

goin' to be their nifty little home. They called it the House that Jack Built. It had everythin' that goes to make a up-to-date bungalow attractive, includin' a dormitory for the gas buggy built underneath the dinin' room. It was the robin's red breast as far as common folks palaces go. They had bought the furniture and a lawn mower and was all set for to start the much travelled journey-through-life together.

The day before the weddin', or the evenin' before, to be exact, Jack called around with his bus to take Jill for a spin. The moon was out and it was full. Jack, however, was sober. Hadn't touched a drop. But he got intoxicated with love in that moonlight. When they reached a shady road in the suburbs, which road run along a high bank close to a creek, he takes his right hand off the steerin' wheel and passes his arm tender and protectin' like around lovely,

. . . one arm pilots . . .

beautiful Jill. It was a picture that just perfectly showed Sentiment and Bliss. Happiness was the theme and Me for You was the big idea. Then all of a sudden come the rude awakenin'. The bus was makin' fifteen miles per hour. The front left wheel hit a rut, a bum spot in the road, and Jack, havin' his mind on another occupation, and only one hand on the wheel, lost complete control of that car. The steerin' wheel spun around and the car headed straight into the fence on the side of the road, a flimsy wooden affair that was about as much protection as a piece o' string. The car went over the bank and turned a double summerset into the creek forty feet below. Jack's neck was broke and he never even had a chance to say good-bye. Poor Jill was cut, lacerated and bruised somethin' fierce. But worst of all it tore somethin' vital out of her very soul. It busted her heart and crushed



. . . stay alive! . . .

her like if you took a fresh, beautiful posie and squeezed all the beauty and freshness and life and color out of it with your fist. The House that Jack Built grew cobwebs and weeds all around it. Finally it was sold to a plumber, who had a yen for dabblin' in real estate, and after changin' hands four or five times a gray-haired old couple moved in and rented the garage part out to a neighbor. Jill never set foot out of her father's house for six months. Then the shadow that was left of that lovely girl, once so full o' hope and happiness, went to work for her livin', her happiness gone complete and her outlook on life sour and bitter.

One-armed drivin' fools! This ain't any bunch of hay-wire, bunk or kiddin'. It's a page from life and is only a mere sample of what has only too often happened when bozos drivin' cars lets their affections get the best of 'em and takes

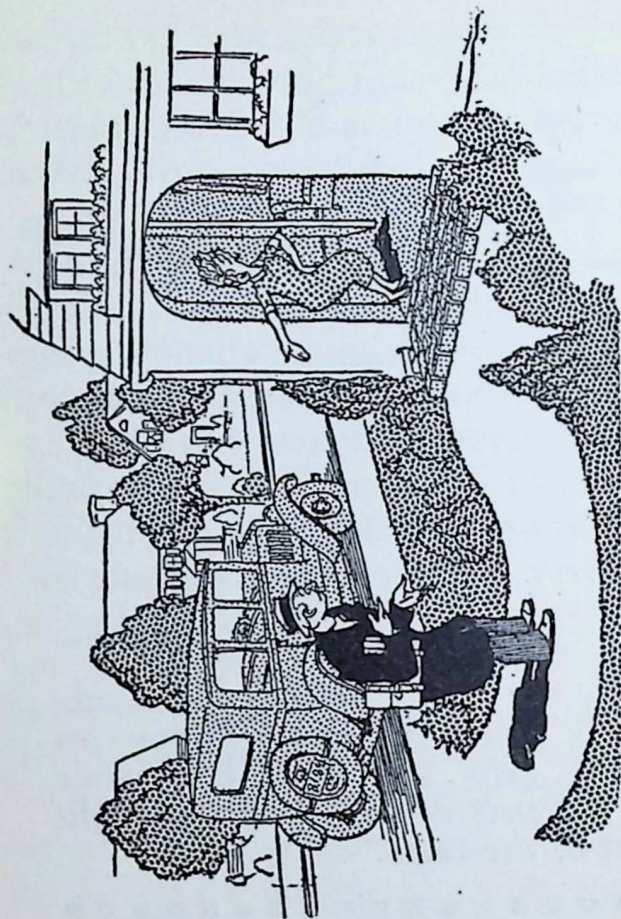
. . . one arm pilots . . .

one hand off the steerin' wheel to caress the cutie that's sittin' beside 'em in the front seat. A automobile is a powerful engine—a wonderful servant when you have it under control. But it's a crazy, rip-snortin', destroyin' beast if it ever gets away from you and starts kickin' over the traces. Keep both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road, or you'll sometime get somethin' worse'n this kick in the shins. Do I really need to tell you that?



*Steerin' wheels is made round a-purpose. So you can grip 'em with both your fists and keep on the right part of the road.*





Friend wife had given him a good bawlin' out, so he was  
feelin' mighty low.



## Naggin' Females

(Kick No. 19)

**A** HEN-PECKED bird—at least he says so himself—passed along the followin' alibi one day, after he run over a six-year-old kid what was playin' in a street with a gang of other youngsters. This bozo said he was feelin' mighty low, so low he didn't even know he was drivin' a tourin' car of the type much used by the middle classes. His reason for bein' so low, so blue or so depressed, or whichever it was he was sufferin' from (now laugh as loud as you like), was that friend wife give him a terrible bawlin' out that mornin' for no good reason at all, and from then on

. . . stay alive! . . .

why his mind just didn't click. He couldn't tell a street from a pasture and his movements was sluggish like. His brain and his hands and his feet didn't work together. In other words, he was sore as hell and was broodin' over his great misfortune of bein' tied up to a naggin', scoldin', pestiferous female who kept him on edge—oh, very much on edge. That was *his* excuse for bein' careless.

Now, I ain't puttin' this down as such a hot one. Mebbe, though, there is some truth to it at that. It's a subject I ain't goin' to risk my life goin' too deep into. So, I won't say no more, but just hand it out as food for the well-known Thought.

If they is any women readin' this who has any guilty feelin', or who thinks mebbe the shoe fits on their own foot, let 'em go to the medicine cabinet and take a spoonful of the sourest, bitterest

. . . naggin' females . . .

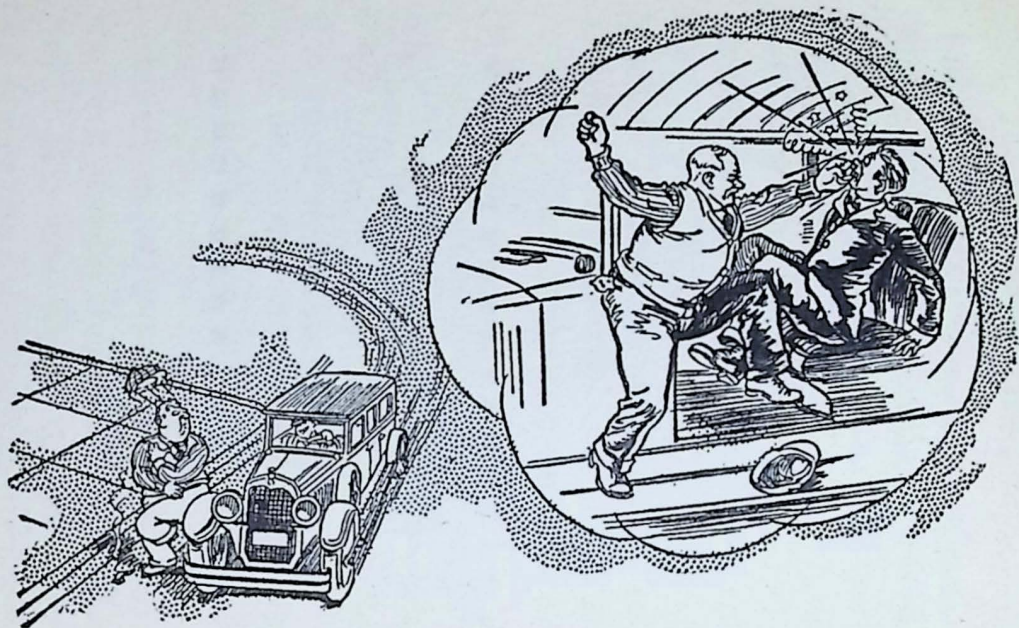
medicine (except poison) they can find,  
by way of administerin' their own punishment. 'Cause I'd hate to kick a woman.



*Most guys startin' from  
home in the mornin' would  
rather have a spoonful of  
sugar handed 'em than a  
swig o' vinegar.*







**For turnin' a corner too fast and scarin' me stiff I'd sometimes like to climb up on the runnin' board and give the bozo that's drivin' a intimate slam on the beezer.**

## Corner Cutters

(Kick No. 20)

I 'M still tryin' to be fair and impartial. I've kicked the jay-walkin' yaps and the restless yaps and the fathers and mothers of the kids that's destined to grow up to become yaps if they ain't steered right. Now I'm goin' to put in a word in defense of them same yaps.

A sweet little girl ten years old was honor student in her school. She got grade A in readin', writin' and 'rithmetic and double grade A in deportment. Her teacher said she was a great success, I mean. Now she had been readin' up on safety, this little girl, and when they had a essay contest she took

. . . stay alive! . . .

first prize for writin' and composin' a essay on how to cross streets correct and accordin' to Hoyle. She knew her A B C's and also and furthermore she had at least a partial knowledge of how to walk safely. Not a hundred per cent perfect, though, as the followin' true yarn will show:

This little girl was sent by her fond and lovin' mother to go to a store two blocks from home to get a spool o' thread. She musta had to sew a button on the old man's jeans that night and believed in preparedness. The notion store (meanin' I suppose you got to have a notion o' what you want before they'll sell you anythin') was just about near the center or middle of the second block away and across the street opposite from the side the little girl lived on. She remembered her essay about crossin' only at corners. She followed the rule proper in that respect. She even



**. . . corner cutters . . .**

looked left and right, then started to cross. A taxi goin' like the devil was chasin' it come off the side street, made a right-hand turn on two wheels and hit this little girl in the back and killed her deader'n a door nail.

I know what a lot o' yaps is sayin' right now—that this case proves it's safer to cross in the middle o' the block. 'Tain't so accordin' to facts, figures and general experience. Accidents to walkers at regular crossin's ain't so many. But them that does occur at crossin's is mostly right plumb up to the drivin' fools that causes 'em. The little girl in this story only overlooked one thing. She didn't glance over her left shoulder, she bein' on the right-hand cross-walk. But that don't excuse reckless corner-turnin' on the part of drivin' fools.

A yap once went out to make a test on how was the safest way to cross a street at a crossin'. He finally decided

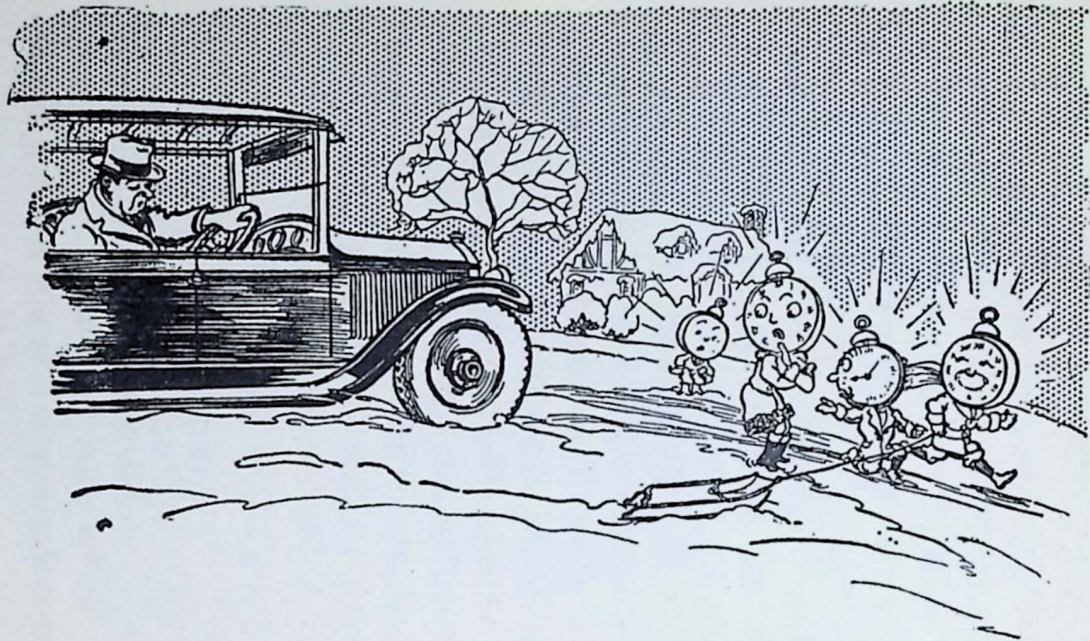
. . . **stay alive!** . . .

the only way was to walk backwards so's he could see the birds that was goin' to make a right-hand turn. Then a beef wagon comin' the other way turned left direct in front of him, nearly pinchin' his toes and causin' him to jump clean out of his skin. He threw up his hands, arms and digits, all of 'em, and said solvin' that problem was beyond him and he'd pass it up.

Now, listen here, you Everybody. You gotta protect people at crossin's when drivin'. Crossin's is their bailiwick and you got no alibi for hittin' 'em there, especial at unprotected crossin's. If they runs a red light (or walks it) and commits suicide under you when you got the green light and no chance under heaven to stop, that's another thing, but it don't happen so often. You gotta use caution at intersections. People has a right to cross there and all the percentage is in your







**Kids in the street is like alarms. When you see 'em that's your signal to wake up, slow down and get under control pronto.**

## Alarm Clocks

(Kick No. 21)

**I**T'S a cold, raw mornin'. You is layin' in the hay tearin' off your sleep by the yard, snorin' like blazes and your knees is curled up under you, 'cause instinctively, though you're asleep, you're tryin' to keep warm. Snow is driftin' in the window. You is dead to the world and nothin' is disturbin' your noisy, though restful, slumber. Then it happens. A whinin', dingin', pesterin', persistin' sound goes clatterin' around the room, into all four corners and soon begins to make a tormentin' din in your ear. It wakes you up. It's your trusty alarm clock

. . . stay alive! . . .

which has went off as per schedule. It is a warnin' you will be late for chores if you don't get up. You heeds the warnin', 'cause you knows the old job you got depends on it. You just get to rely on that old alarm clock and you obey its summons pronto.

You get into your togs, eat the hen's fruit and coffee cake and jump into the old bus and start down the street. Half a block away a bunch of kids with their new sleds is playin' in the street. You been thinkin' about a check you hope is in the mail when you get to the store. But, if you are not *too* sound asleep, somethin' rings in your ear. It says "Ding-a-ling, slow down—ding-a-ling, slow down!" It's them kids playin' in the street half a block away, and their bein' there is a warnin' that you got to put on the brakes and get all the control of that bus you can get, 'cause



**. . . alarm clocks . . .**

you don't know what them kids might do, and you can't take no chances.

Children in streets is like alarms. They is for sleepy, dreamin' drivers to give heed to, wake up, and take the steps necessary to protect 'em.

When the alarm sounds—when you see kids playin' in the street—get down to a safe speed. If you're goin' twenty miles a hour and they is a bunch of youngsters a hundred feet in front of you, why they is only three little weeney seconds between the front end of your bus and them kids. Only three seconds between you and a call for a ambulance!

Trouble is, drivin' fools who thinks kids is always goin' to get out o' their way and never slows down, underestimates the time it takes their bus to reach 'em. Also they fergits they was kids themselves once and they jumped around like jack-rabbits, nilly-willy

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

like, same as any kids of today do when they is havin' a good time. You never can tell what a kid playin' in the street is goin' to do that is unexpected, sudden, and unlooked for. So, when you *see* 'em, heed that alarm. Bring your bus to a slow gait that will make it easy and sure for you to stop if one of 'em jumps your way.

And everybody that has kids, go back now and read that kick entitled "Teach 'Em Young." The alarm is ringin' for you, too!

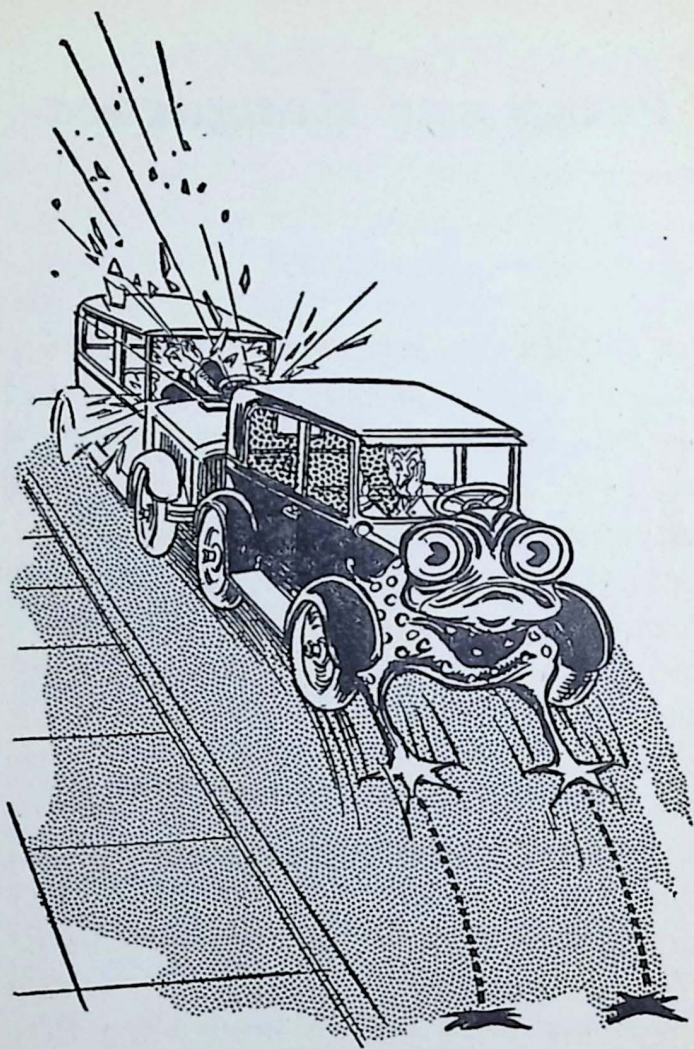


*When kids is playin' where  
you're goin' to drive past,  
always look for the un-  
looked-for to happen.*



# **Frogs and Kangaroos**





A truck ain't a frog. A auto ain't a kangaroo. Besides, them animals don't jump backwards. So when you back up don't jump. Just give 'er the gas easy like.

## Frogs and Kangaroos

(Kick No. 22)

**F**ROGS is safe jumpers. They is good jumpers. The slippery little devils will jump right out o' your fist if you catch one of 'em and always land right side up without hurtin' theirselves. They got a pair o' long hind legs that was built special for the business of jumpin'. They jump in a finished artistic way no human can duplicate or imitate or equal. They know their jumps and they got a pair o' wide-open googley eyes with which they can see where to land when they jump. Kangaroos is good jumpers, too. Their hind propellers is like a pair o'

. . . stay alive! . . .

steel springs. They push a button, release the springs, and zip, swish—they jump a mile a minute and don't break no bones nor lamp posts, nor bumpers nor nothin'. They is safe jumpers like the frogs.

But, say, automobiles ain't safe jumpers. They ain't built for jumpin' to begin with. And to show how as jumpers they is sometimes killers read this:

A guy started to back his car to get out of a parkin' space. He looked (for a wonder, most of 'em don't) and saw the top part of a tin lizzie behind him. He had a sort o' general idea of the lay o' the land, he thought. So he backs up. But he steps down hard on the gas and his bus shoots backward like it had been hit in front by a batterin' ram. It slammed into the flivver like it was out for blood. And it really was. The guy ownin' the flivver was in front of it,



. . . frogs and kangaroos . . .

crankin' it, when the jumpin' iron frog squashed him up against his flivver like he was a fly, and killed him outright.

Now, if this bozo had blowed his horn three times and then backed up *easy* and *slow*, feedin' the gas careful like, the poor guy doin' the crankin' would have had some show for his alley. He would have had a little bit of warnin' and would probably have saved himself. This is a common thing, Everybody. Not only not lookin' before backin', as I told you about in Kick No. 1, but also and in addition thereto, "jumpin'" your bus back too sudden and jerky. If you don't do nothin' more than bust your neighbor's headlights, you make him sore like he wants to lick hell out of you. It ain't polite to go jammin' into other folk's property, spoilin' their radiators and their tempers. It's dead wrong to take it on the slam when you go into reverse. Neither

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

is it right when you pull forward out of a tight fit next to a curb.

This is a little thing, mebbe, but sometimes molehills becomes mountains, as witness the above case of the guy that got "jumped" into eternity while crankin' his car. Your truck ain't a frog. Your auto ain't a kangaroo. Besides, them animals don't jump backwards. So give 'er the gas easy-like.

I heard of a bozo that stepped too hard and sudden on the gas while startin' to back out of a garage. He knocked down a wooden upright support which was a couple of feet in back of him. A piece o' the roof caved in on him. Now it's him that jumps instead of his bus. He jumps every time he hears a door slam. He is suffering from *traumatic neuresthenia*. I near dislocated my pen writin' them two words, but they means the jumpin'-bug bit him deep, give him the heebie-jeebies,

**. . . frogs and kangaroos . . .**

and made him nervous for keeps when that roof landed on his bean.

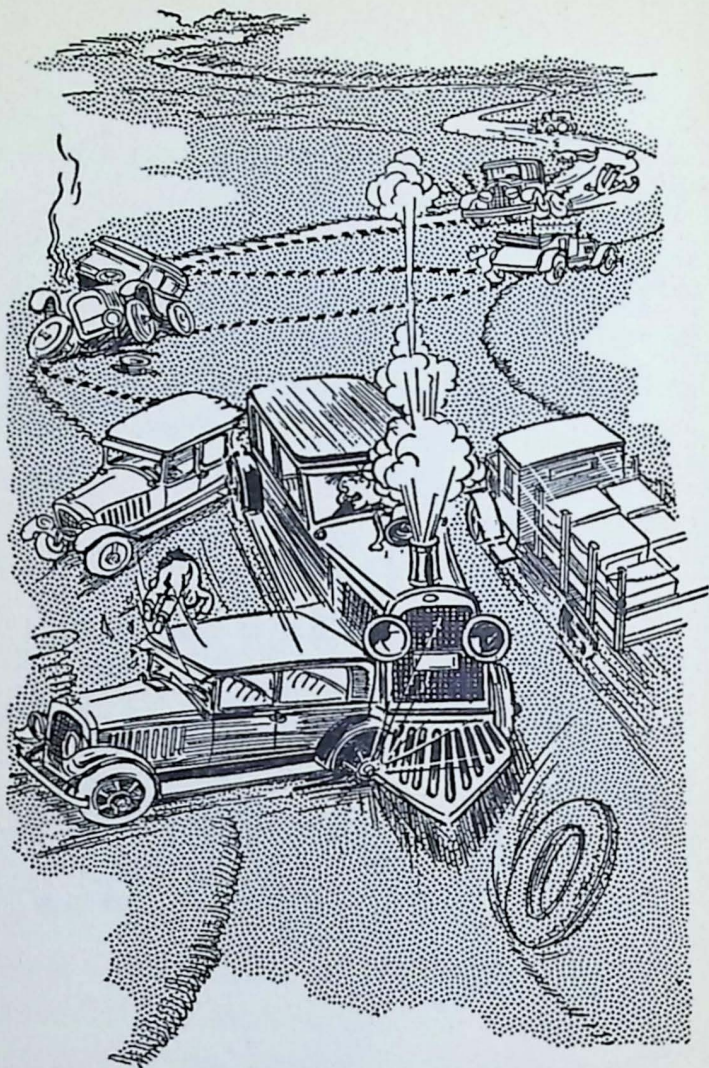
The moral of which is, let the frogs and kangaroos do the jumpin'. Handle your gas easy. Then you won't have no kick like this comin' to you.



*Nervous, jumpy folks  
oughta count ten and calm  
down before puttin' their  
foot on the starter. Then  
they'll get a safer start.*







Some drivin' fools *thinks* they is good engineers. They busts out o' line, then back in they ducks sendin' others into a ditch. *Dub* engineers! That's what them bozos is.

## Dub Engineers

(Kick No. 23)

ONCE I had a railroad career shuntin' box cars in the main yard of a terminal on one of the big transportation lines of the country. They had a guy whose job was tryin' to educate a hundred thousand sons of the rail, me included, to keep from fallin' under the wheels. Some success attended this effort. Railroad men is human and they listen to reason. It was here I learned my lesson on the how, why, and wherefore of bein' careful.

I got a great kick one day ridin' in the cab of a big locomotive over two

. . . stay alive! . . .

shiny steel rails with a friend o' mine who was the engineer. I had and still have a lot of love and respect for a railroad engineer. The dubs that I'm goin' to pan in this here story ain't the boys that haul the trains over a fenced in right-o'-way known as a railroad, as you'll see. We'll come to the dubs later, though. Well, as I was about to say when that thought stepped in, I learned to look up to a railroad engineman. I've known many of 'em. Cool, steady, calm and business-like, them babies is. They gotta be, or no railroad wants 'em and furthermore no railroad will take 'em.

Railroad engineers takes their jobs serious like and learns their duties thorough. No hit-or-miss, or hop-skip-and-jump methods used in nursin' them babies up to the grown-up stage of their noble profession. They first get a job as a fireman and for a stretch o'



. . . **dub engineers** . . .

months that rolls into years, they shovel food into the yawnin' jaws of a red-hot firebox. Meantime they is absorbin' knowledge and is also becomin' saturated with the Big Idea. And that idea is that above everythin' else that iron horse, haulin' a trainload of humanity, has got to be drove *safe*. No ifs nor ands nor buts nor excuses nor alibis is allowed to enter the picture.

When these enginemen get ready for promotion, after due and proper examination of their fitness has been made, they sure know their onions, also their locomotives. They know the difference between a drivin'-rod and a crown-sheet. They understand that brakes was meant to stop a train, and that no throttle was ever intended for the purpose o' wreckin' it. They is all wised up to their job and is keen, observin', dependable and loyal to the

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

trust humanity and their bosses has placed in 'em. That's why about ten times the whole population of U.S.A. rides with 'em each year. That's why you get in a bunk in a Pullman car, behind a engine bein' piloted by one of them boys, and go to sleep peaceful and unconcerned and wake up on schedule next mornin' without givin' the matter a thought as to its bein' unusual. Railroad ridin', in other words, is not only convenient, it is *safe*, comparatively and also generally speakin'.

Now, a automobile is nothin' but a locomotive pure and simple. It's a *engine*, and it's a great contrivance when handled right, but a bad bet if it's in the hands of a bum engineer. For I maintain that everybody what drives a gas wagon is charged with the same duty as a railroad engineer. He is sup-

**. . . dub engineers . . .**

posed to drive safe and have some kind of a idea of what a big responsibility he's got. Trouble is, a million or so of 'em is dub engineers. They haven't grasped the Big Idea. To them their bus is just a toy. They foozle around with it, careless and unconcerned, until they cause Death and Destruction, which is the reason why automobile pilots kills a hundred times more folks each year than the pilots of railroad passenger trains kills.

Did you ever hear about, or come in contact with, the bird that keeps cuttin' in and out of traffic? You know,—the guy that passes you on the left, then abruptly, suddenly, and without warnin' or askin' your leave, hits your left front wheel a rap tryin' to avoid a head-on smash with a car comin' the other way. What a lousy engineer he is! What a lot o' success he'd have operatin' one



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

o' them big steam calliopes with a train-load of passengers in back of him! I don't think! As a engineman he just ain't. He's too nervous and excitable. He's jumpy and reckless. He's got to do somethin' to forge ahead o' the guy in front of him, and so, just the opposite of bein' calm and deliberate, sizin' the situation up careful like, he busts out o' the traffic line, and findin' he's pulled a boner, 'cause the car comin' the other way is too close and too fast, back in he ducks, sendin' the boat that was in front of him over into a ditch.

Dub engineers! That's what them bozos is. So's the guy that drives on the wrong side o' the street. So's the guy that jumps the traffic lights. So's the guy that turns corners too fast. So's everybody that don't handle his automobile, or his truck, or his taxi in a careful, considerate, efficient manner,

. . . **dub engineers** . . .

like it *was* a engine instead of a kiddycar; like he was drivin' a real, honest-to-gosh four-wheeled, rubber-tired, gas power truck or automobile instead of a toy roller-coaster!

Them drivin' fools that does the stunts like no railroad engineer would think of doin' can learn somethin' by talkin' to a seasoned locomotive engineman. Them boys can give you the real dope on safe drivin'. They is somethin' for you dub engineers who drives autos to look up to, somethin' for you to copy after. They is the Good Example for you to follow. They belongs to a great and honorable profession. Their creed is Safety. Their habits careful. Their judgment cool. Their loyalty to their trust unflinchin'. If you, Everybody, that drives a motor car, really thinks you is capable of bein' that kind of a engineer, then for Pete's sake be one. Don't be a dub.

. . . stay alive! . . .

What a kick in the shins this is goin'  
to be for a lot of drivin' fools that really  
thinks they *is* good engineers!



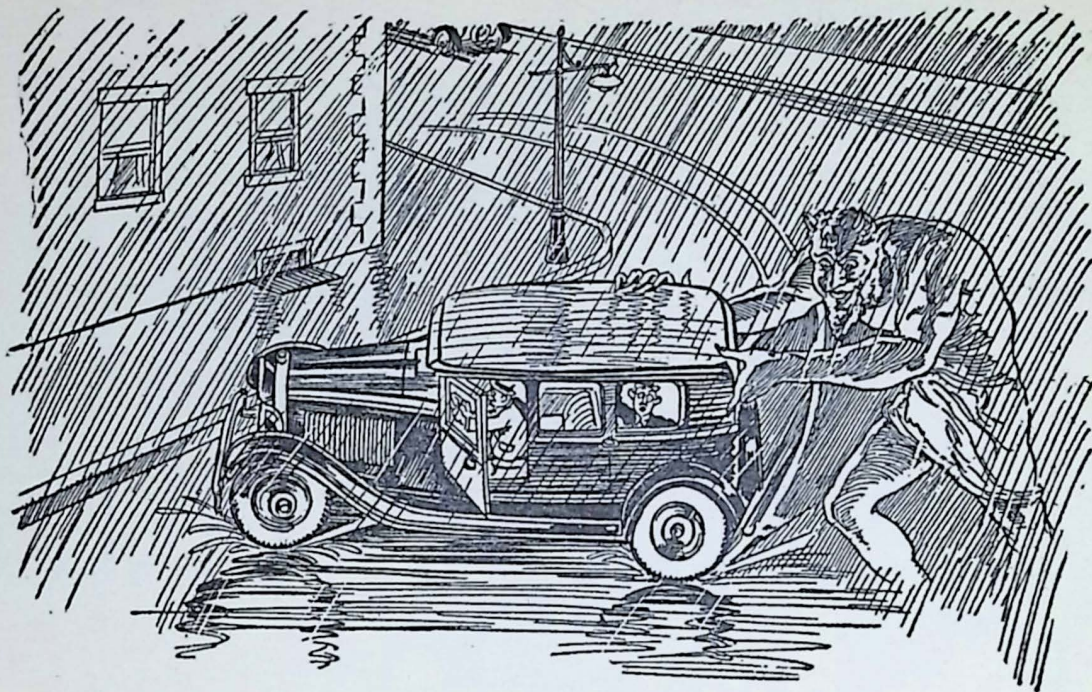
*There was a bozo from  
Whipsocket,  
Who thought that his car  
was a rocket.*

*He cut in and shot out,  
Puttin' traffic to rout,  
Till a crash and spill made him  
stop it.*





# **The Skid Demon**



**If you *lose control* of your car, up steps the Skid Demon and takes charge. And Speed is the first aid and ally of old Demon Skid when streets is wet.**

## The Skid Demon

(Kick No. 24)

**I** MAINTAINS that demons, as such, is mean playmates. They is one kind o' animals I don't care nothin' about associatin' with. Ornery, slick, harmful critters that's out to do you dirt, and they do it aplenty if you let 'em get a strangle-hold on you.

They is all kinds of demons. The temperance ladies, in the old days before Volstead and bootleggers was known, used to warn folks to beware of the Demon Rum. Today the worst demon that ever stepped outside of Hades is the one that turns human bein's into dope fiends. I mean, suggest



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

and refer to the terrible Narcotic Demon. Them two demons—Rum and Dope—is the best known and gets the most write-ups. When they once gets control and has the upper hand they sure puts Health and Self-Respect on the blink.

But say, I know another demon that ain't no slouch. As a real honest-to-gosh, dyed-in-the-wool he-demon, this one is the berries. This particular specimen is the Skid Demon. Most everybody that drives a bus has met this bird, and a lot of 'em didn't get much enjoyment out of the acquaintance. In fact they got a lot o' grief.

Now the only way to lick a demon is not let him get the upper hand. Lose control of *yourself* and in steps the Rum Demon or the Dope Demon. Lose control of your car on a slippery street and old Demon Skid will take charge of the situation and start in to

. . . the skid demon . . .

raise Cain. The Skid Demon don't have to be in existence, no more than any other kind that a little self-control will conquer. And it's a bum driver that can't keep his car under control and prevent its skiddin'.

First you gotta keep the mind clickin'. Wool gatherin' is a good boost for the Skid Demon. If the pavement is wet that means it's slippery just like ice or snow sometimes. If you makes a short, sharp turn goin' a little too fast, Demon Skid will give you a sideways push and mebbe only break your wheel off against a curb. Mebbe he'll turn you over and bust your collar-bone or your neck.

Most drivin' fools that skids fergits that slippery streets lessens brakin' power. They is runnin' along approachin' a intersection at the same speed they is used to on dry days (I mean dry pavements, 'cause all days is

**. . . stay alive! . . .**

supposed to be dry) and somethin' pops up in front of 'em. They jams on the brakes, lockin' their wheels, and at that instant they loses all control of that car. Up steps the Skid Demon, spins the old bus around like it was a top, slams it through the middle of a car comin' the other way, and then fades out grin-nin' with fiendish glee over the destruction it caused. A skid is a demon that does his work only when you lose control of yourself—which means your car.

If bozos that is under the spell and influence of the Skid Demon would only remember one thing it might help a lot. Just try to keep the idea in the noodle that it's best to keep the clutch engaged when puttin' on the brakes. It prevents loss of traction, meanin' the grip of the rubber tires on the pavement. In other words, keepin' the clutch engaged until just as the car is



**. . . the skid demon . . .**

about stopped will help prevent skiddin'.

Drivin' too fast is the first aid, ally and partner of the Skid Demon. Fast drivin' on slippery streets is dumb foolishness; nothin' better'n plain dam-fool recklessness.

I don't know of nothin', nor neither do you, nor nobody else, know of anythin' worse than the feelin' you gets when your automobile skids under you and you holds your breath waitin' for what's going to happen, not havin' no idea of what it may be and only hopin' for the best.

Proper adjustment of brakes is needed to keep from skiddin', too. I've said enough about brakes already, and I'll say no more. But to you birds that is out of control of your better self and has let Demon Skid get hold o' you, just put it down that bonehead drivin' is back of it all.

. . . stay alive! . . .

This kick in the shins ain't no demon,  
'cause I had it under control. I aimed  
it at *your* shin and that's where it  
landed.



*Keepin' under control is the  
first, middle and last rule  
for safe drivin'.*



# **Little Things**





**Heaven is one place, mebbe, where reckless bozos don't try to pass  
you on your right.**

## Little Things

(Kick No. 25)

*Little Drops of Water,  
Little Grains of Sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.*

**T**HAT'S what the poet said.  
Now I'll tell one:

*Little careless actions  
Of a million gents,  
Makes a world of misery  
From highway accidents.*

Mine ain't so poetic as the first one, but it carries a lot more meanin', to my way o' thinkin'. It's shy in only one thing. Women should have been in-

. . . stay alive! . . .

cluded along with the gents, but I didn't want to throw the rhyme out o' balance.

Great trouble in this accident business is that most people don't think nothin' is a accident unless some bozo who is drunker'n a fool runs his bus through a brick wall and kills six or eight people. That would be news, and it would get first page place in most any newspaper. But, say, folks! It's the *little* things that causes ninety per cent of the accidents. Listen to this:

In a shop where they repair cars, a bird went to adjust a valve on a pipe located under the floor. He took the cover off a openin' just big enough to let a fair-sized human foot into. I don't mean one of them big canal boats like a lot of guys ties their shoes onto every mornin', but just a fair middlin' size foot like any decent human foot is supposed to be. Well, as I was sayin', this



. . . little things . . .

bird finishes turnin' the valve he was monkeyin' with, then he goes away and fergits and leaves the cover off that openin' in the floor. An hour passes and not one of the birds workin' in that shop give a thought to puttin' that cover back in place, though a dozen guys worked there and musta seen it. Then along comes a guy not lookin' careful like and he steps one foot into that hole in the floor, his leg goes in up to his thigh, and when he is helped up by a couple of his cronies he bends over double with pain. They takes him to a hospital and in a hour he is dead. Internal injuries, meanin' somethin' inside of him busted, is what he had.

It was only a little thing, leavin' the cover off that openin' in the floor, but it cost a human life. And it got no front page publicity neither.

You take the auto death record and most of 'em is due to just such little

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

acts of carelessness, thoughtlessness, or neglect. How many folks drivin' cars knows the common rules o' the road and always observes 'em? Only a little thing, but failin' to observe 'em often causes killin's or bad hurts. Some of them rules ain't laws passed by no legislative act perhaps, but they is common rules, accepted, followed, observed and used by the majority. They is little acts o' caution that common sense oughta tell anybody to follow.

I know a guy that tried to pass another car on the right, just because he saw there was room. A third auto was comin' from the other direction. When he got alongside the bus he was passin' on the right of, the driver of that bus started to swerve a little to the right 'cause the car comin' the opposite way was too near the center o' the road. Then he lamped the bozo passin' on his right, and quick and im-

. . . **little things** . . .

pulsive like, back he swerves to the left and slams head-on into the car comin' toward him. He was thrown through his windshield and when they succeeded in pryin' him loose from the wreckage he had passed on to another world, perhaps one where no crazy drivin' fool tries to pass you on your right. Let's hope so, 'cause that'd be somethin' to look forward to anyway.

Passin' on the right of another car or truck is dangerous. Some places I know it's allowed on wide city bullyvards and one-way streets, but even then you're supposed to keep far as you can away from the car you're passin' on the right of, and look sharp.

It's *little* careless things you got to correct in order to wipe out accidents. Tryin' to pass other cars without usin' care and good judgment is one of the little things that don't get so much advertisin', but which in the long run piles



. . . stay alive! . . .

up the figures of cuts, bruises and other marks of conflict between two automobiles. (I'll have more to say about this passin' other cars in a special, exclusive kick I'm holdin' back for that particular item of fool drivin', which I'll hand you in the next chapter.)

Runnin' at night with glarin' headlights not focused proper, not lensed accordin' to Hoyle, and bein' too mean and discourteous to dim your blinkers till you get past a car comin' toward you, is just another little thing that can be included as one of the serious things you only *think* is little.

*Remember the little things*, for it's little acts of neglect that a thousand times a day turns into tragedy, remorse, sorrow, and makes you wish you had treated 'em more serious.

This kick is for them with minds that can't see nothin' short of a earthquake or tornado as worthy of serious consid-

. . . **little things** . . .

eration. I'm tellin' you, *little* careless things in auto drivin' causes more deaths and injuries each year than all the earthquakes and floods of the world put together. Put that in your pipe and inhale it. It's true.

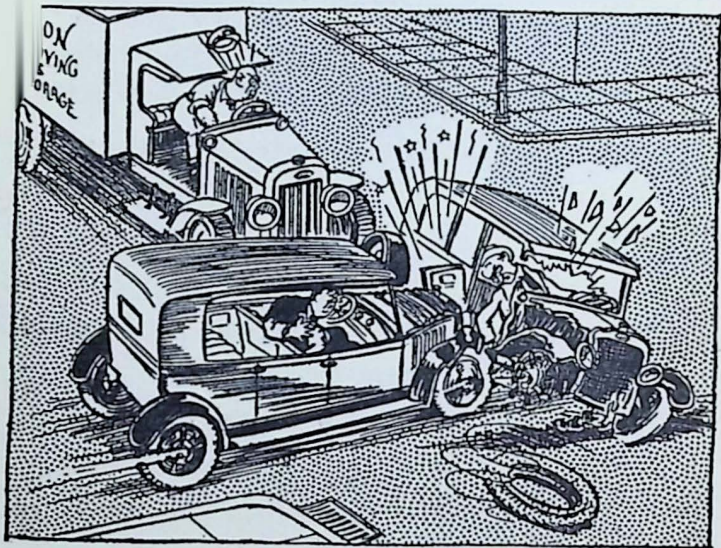


*Little safety rules is bigger than the car you drive. Without 'em your car would soon be just a pile of junk.*





**This bimbo *should* of passed but didn't.**



**This one should *not* of passed but *did*—  
passed a movin' van goin' over a street inter-  
section and passed into eternity.**



## **"I Pass!"**

*(Kick No. 26)*

**P**ASSIN' is a popular pastime among folks addicted to the habit of playin' a game called bridge. I don't know why they call it bridge, 'cause they ain't no such thing in the game as a bridge to help you put yourself across. You gotta swim or else you sink. And if you have a bonehead partner or bum cards, sink it is—acordin' to my best and worst experiences. Yes, I sometimes play *at* that high-brow game myself. I'd rather play a game of rummy or poker any day, but the wife she learnt this highfalutin' bridge stuff from a shoe salesman's wife

. . . stay alive! . . .

and a coupla other dames, so I got forced into it, if you know what I mean.

Now in this brain-twistin' game they is a lot of times when it's *safe* to pass and not so safe if you don't. Once when I was takin' part in one of them battles o' wits (or nit-wits as it happened to be in this case), the other male guy in our merry party of four scowlin' faces was partner to a dame who certainly knew her bridge, or leastways thought she did. She got so much enjoyment out o' the game the wrinkles in her forehead had become a permanent wave.

Well, sir, in the second rubber, I think it was, the said dame bid a weak *one* in hearts, she havin' mebbe four of them perticular red-spotted pasteboards, and wanted to indicate to the dumb bimbo sittin' opposite her how she stood. After our side had enlisted for a spade he raises her, 'cause he had a

. . . "I pass!" . . .

lonesome ten-spot in her suit, but not a face card in his fist. He had a hand like a foot, as they say in bridge parlyvoo. She boosted her bid up another point after our side give two spades. She got the bid, but she also got set good and proper, and judgin' from the looks she give the cowerin', tremblin' little feller that raised her, it would have been safer, oh, very much safer, had he of said, manful like, "I pass"!

But, say folks, they is times when passin' *ain't* safe. Put your ear up to the megaphone and listen to this:

A guy in a sedan was bowlin' down a bullyvard one day and started to pass on the left of a big movin' van. He started to pass just as they was goin' over a street crossin'. Another dub in a open boat comin' off the side street was tryin' to beat it across in front of the movin' van. He cleared the van all right all right, but ploughed smack



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

into the middle of the sedan. The poor guy drivin' the sedan was bumped off. He passed on to another world, if you get me. And it was his own fault, notwithstanding and regardless of the dumb carelessness of the bird that run into him. He had no right to pass that van travelin' the same direction he was, *while goin' over a street intersection.*

So give attention to your *passin'* habits! It's plumb dangerous to pass another car on a street crossin'. Likewise and furthermore, it's suicide to pass goin' around a curve where you can't see what's comin' on the other side of that curve. It's dead wrong to pass a car goin' your way up a hill where you can't see what's just over the top o' that hill.

If you don't mind your *passin'*, and do it accordin' to the best and safest rules o' the game, some sweet day you'll pass into eternity, quick and

. . . "I pass!" . . .

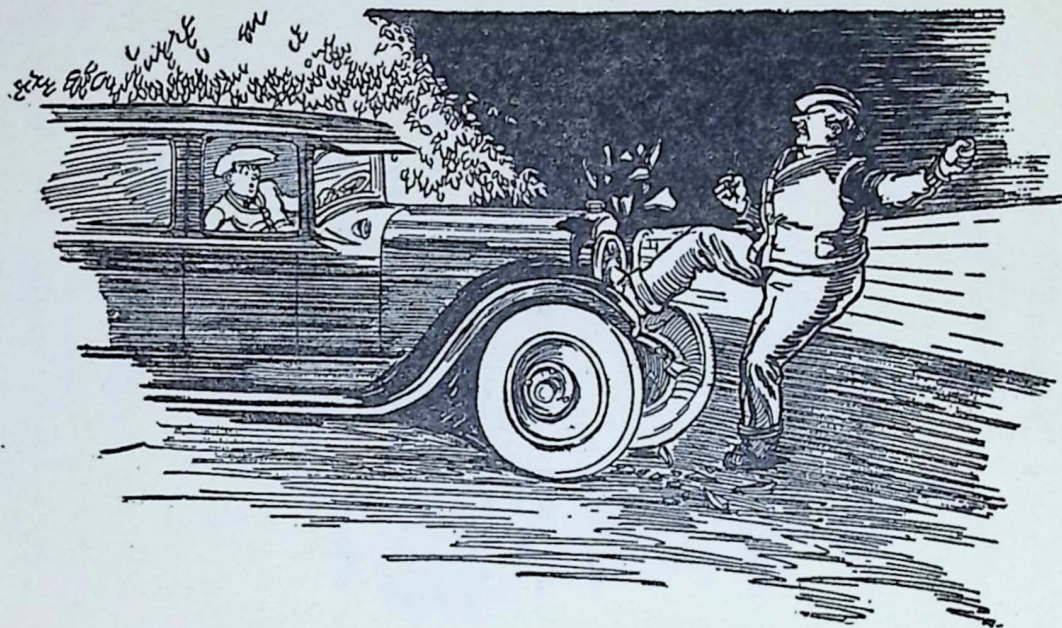
sudden like. And that's worse than overbiddin' your hand, 'cause all they ever do is glare at you for that.

This kick is for them that don't know *when* to pass, which means folks aplenty, both playin' bridge and drivin' cars.



*Any place where you can't  
see what's comin' is the place  
for you to stay in line.*





I've seen many a on-comin' car I'd like to stop and kick its head-  
lights to smithereens, only I'm afraid o' cuttin' my foot!



## Blindin' Blinkers

(Kick No. 27)

**T**HIS ain't goin' to be no yarn about the Road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play. That's Kiplin's yarn and I'll stick to my own. My yarn is about a road all right, and of a thousand things that play, but them things ain't flyin' fish. Just ordinary poor fish. And the road is any old road from here to there. The things that play, to be exact, is in the hands of the aforesaid poor fish, and them things is piercin' gleams of blindin' light from automobile headlights that play on passin' cars on any old road at night. Blindin' Blinkers, as you'll see!

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

I've got a pal. He goes by the moniker of Phil. A good guy who means well and has all the specifications of a Good Citizen. Nevertheless and notwithstanding he got handed out to him about as tough a break as ever got handed to anybody. He was breezin' along in his six-cylinder run-the-family-about on a road from a summer resort to his home town. His wife and two kids was in the bus with him. They was comin' around a bend, late on a calm summer's evenin'. All of a sudden, around that bend shootin' towards 'em, come a rip-snortin' tourin' car with a bunch of rummies from a nearby village, out on a all-night tear, if that's what you call a hip-flask and moonlight-on-the-beach affair.

This tourin' bus had a pair o' headlights that would burn a hole through a board fence, and they was turned on full blast and focused so the center of

. . . **blindin' blinkers** . . .

their rays hit my pal Phil right plumb in the center of the pupils of both his eyes. He cussed out loud, slammed on his brakes and started to slow down, 'cause he was blind. Not blind from darkness. Blind from light. Too much light. Too sudden light. Too piercin' light. Blindin', blasted, devilish light that took the control of that car right plumb, clean out of his hands. Before he could come to a stop, his right front wheel run off the road and hit a big stone and his bus turned turtle into a ditch. His wife got throwed out and was hurt bad internally. She never did get over it. One of the kids got a arm broke and the other was bruised and shook loose of his good breedin'. Even he said "darn them lights!" Well, sir, to make a long story less tedious, Phil ain't through yet cussin' and payin' bills for that mix-up.

*Blindin' Blinkers!* What a lot o' grief



. . . stay alive! . . .

is caused by that item in the catalogue o' fool drivin'.

If you is a careful, thoughtful, considerate bozo, owner of a four-wheeled recreation-provider called a car, you'll first of all make a effort to keep your headlights focused and adjusted proper and accordin' to the law of your State and the best code of headlight regulations. You'll also make a inquiry or two to find out if you've got the best and least glarish headlight manufactured, made or constructed, that gives due and efficient service. But after, over and above all that, if your blinkers is on the bum, is not right and you know they is a glarin' menace, for the luv-o-mike be decent enough, courteous enough and human enough, *to dim them glimmers when approachin' and passin' another boat* whose pilot, to say the least, has no evil intentions or malicious feelin's towards you. And if you your-

. . . **blindin' blinkers** . . .

self don't know what's what regardin' headlights, a frequent inspection by most any garage mechanic will put you hep.

I got nothin' more to say, exceptin' that Blindin' Blinkers is a danger, a pest and a bore. Also, I say, that decent headlights, looked after proper and adjusted proper and handled right, is a boon for safe, comfortable and glorious night drivin'. They makes night on the road a pleasant, soothin', satisfyin' end to a hectic, crowdin', annoyin' day. They makes it *possible* for you to drive when nights is dark, roads is lonesome and the owls is a whoo-in' in the tree tops. But they gotta be right, brother, they gotta be right!

This kick in the shins is the practical way o' handlin' this particular subject. But I've seen a lot o' times when I'd like to climb out o' my bus, stop a on-

. . . stay alive! . . .

comin' car with blazin' blinkers and  
kick its headlights to smithereens. Only  
I don't, 'cause I'm afraid o' cuttin' my  
foot!

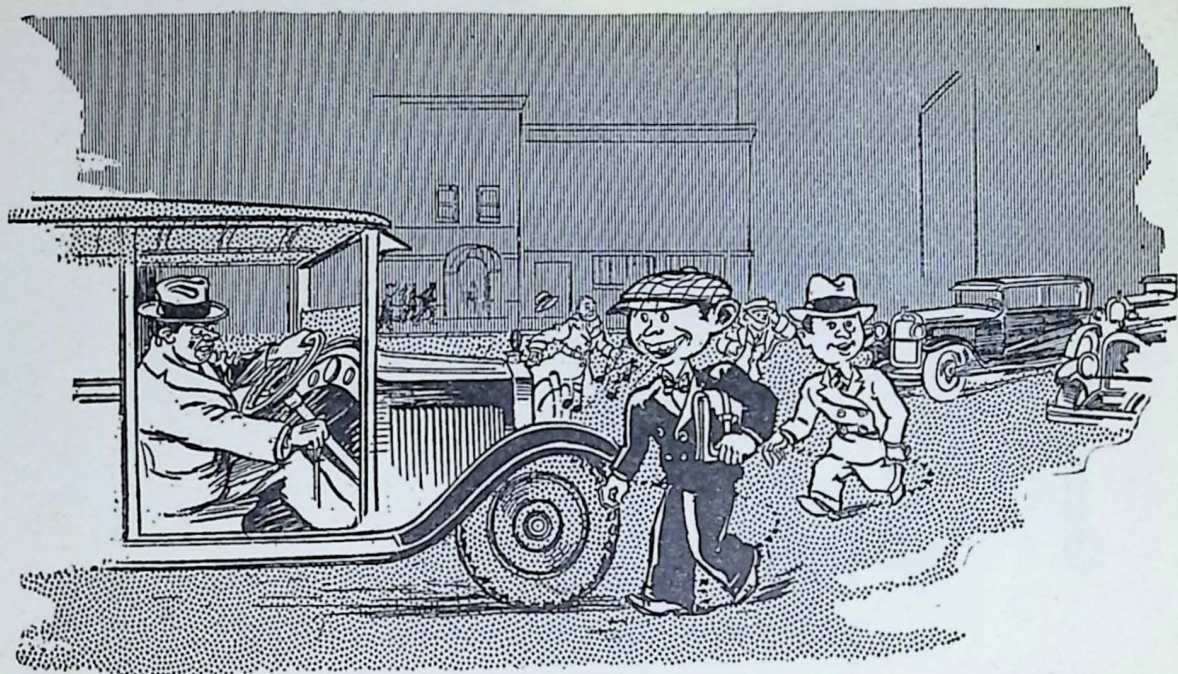


*A blind chauffeur would  
have no more chance in  
traffic than a snow ball in  
Hades. Well, glarin' head  
lights blind!*





# **Germ Carriers**



**One yap that can't wait busts across and six or ten other yaps follow him.**

## Germ Carriers

(Kick No. 28)

ONCE there was a woman in a certain well-known city of the U.S.A. who went by the name of Typhoid Mary. She got that moniker fastened onto her because she had a habit o' scatterin' little germs about wherever she went, which said little germs attacked other folks who broke out into ragin' cases o' typhoid fever. She never got typhoid herself but she was a champion giver. Like Pollyanna scattered smiles and sunshine, this here dame would scatter them cute little germs, only instead o' makin' people smile she made 'em sick. She was to the



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

medical profession a interestin' case, but to the public in general she was a nuisance, a pest and a bore.

That dame reminds me a lot o' the way some birds spread accident germs around like they was givin' away free tickets to a funeral. One day a strappin' young kid, goin' on seven years, his mother's pride and joy, was hitchin' a ride on the back of a truck on his way to school. Nearin' the corner where his school was at, he hopped off the truck and he stubbed his toe on a loose brick as he lit, and fell on his knees. A ice-cream wagon was followin' right behind the truck he jumped off of. Its driver, bein' on the job and not desirin' to cause bloodshed, steered quick to the right to save the boy, but one wheel passed over the kid's leg, breaking it bad, splinterin' the bones fierce and makin' the poor kid a cripple. When a husky cop at the corner, who carried

. . . germ carriers . . .

him into a drug store to wait for the ambulance, asked him why he done that careless stunt, the kid says: "The big kids in school ride trucks and I thought it was all right for me, too."

Figure it out for yourself. Here was a kid which gets permanent cripplin' injuries doin' only what he saw someone else do, which made it O.K. as he thought. The Big Brothers in his school spread the germs which bit one of the little kids who was followin' in their footsteps.

Time and again accidents is recorded as happenin' the same way. A bozo comes to a street crossin'. The light changes from green to red right plumb in front of him. He decides to beat it across anyhow, and he does. A car behind follows his example and gets biffed by the car on the side street which had started up when it got the green. The first guy who beat the light and

. . . **stay alive!** . . .

got away with it was the one that spread the germ and was really to blame for that accident.

Often I've watched folks on foot at corners waitin' for traffic lights to change. One yap thinks he can't wait and busts out into the street hangin' onto his hat as he runs so's it won't blow off, and six or ten other yaps takes up the cue and follows the first yap, to the consternation of the oncomin' motorist and the disgust of the traffic cop. Half the jaywalkin' that's done is from the inspiration yaps get, by seein' other yaps dodge traffic or make a diagonal bee-line across a street in the middle of the block. Inoculation, Inspiration, Impulse, and Imitation is four trusty I's of the devil as far as accidents goes.

Us Americans is great imitators. We can imitate anythin' from a fool to a trombone player, but when we imitates



. . . germ carriers . . .

the fools and the yaps we is runnin'  
the risk o' payin' the piper.

This kick is intended for them that  
is careless germ distributors as well as  
for the folks that follows the Bad  
Example.



*Crossin' just as traffic lights  
change to red is a bad ex-  
ample for the guy behind  
you. Mebbe you'll get away  
with it,—but at his expense.*





**Drunken drivin' fools oughta be  
barred.**



**And when I say barred I *mean*  
barred.**

## **Drunks and Speeders**

*(Kick No. 29)*

**I** SUPPOSE, dear readers (those of you that has stuck, and is still among those present in our little readin' circle perusin' these here pages), that you wonder why in heck and the name of so-and-do I've left this kick till the last. A lot of you is sayin' I've relegated the most important part of dam-fool drivin' to the rear, thereby classifyin' it as "unimportant, irrelevant and immaterial," as the lawyers say. Not so at all. I just figure that drunken drivers and speeders don't realize what a responsibility they shouldered when they decided to become one of the twenty



. . . stay alive! . . .

odd million motorists of the land. I figure that all that has gone before in this little boost for safer drivin' ought to wake folks up to a better understandin' of that responsibility, and if it has, why then nothin' much needs to be said in this finishin' kick. If it ain't woke 'em up, then I can't do nothin' for 'em nohow.

The plain truth is, there has been a awful lot of ballyhoo about drunks and speeders, but, gettin' down to brass tacks, they don't cause but a small part of the total number of accidents. That don't let 'em out, though, not by a jug full. If any o' that class of drivin' fools has read the rest o' this book it oughta make 'em think. If they *can't* think they'll go on speedin' and drinkin' their fool heads off until they get slapped into a hoosegow where they belong.

Now I'll go on record and say that any automobile with a drunken driver

**. . . drunks and speeders . . .**

at the wheel is a deadly weapon, just like a gun in the hands of a lunatic. If a guy wants to take a drink or two or ten in the privacy of some night club along with a hundred other galoots, that's his business and the prohibition agents. But if he takes himself and his load o' gin, hootch, undertaker's delight, or what else have you got, into the driver's seat of a automobile, then it's the public's business good and plenty. He wouldn't have a holler comin' if they took him to the nearest jail yard and hung him, providin' of course they hung him after the murder was committed. Nor would he have a decent ground for complaint if they give him a good stretch in the town calaboose before he got a chance to commit that murder.

He don't want to fergit, this guy that mixes his Drinks with his Drives, that the highways and streets belongs to the

. . . stay alive! . . .

public, and when that public give him the privilege of drivin' a high-powered, skittish iron horse on them highways and streets, it didn't tell him he could do so with his snoot full. Not by a dam-site, it didn't.

It's the same with speedin', except you gotta use your judgment, for sometimes forty miles a hour on a open country road is O.K., while again ten miles a hour on a street full of kids playin' hop-sotch and marbles might be downright dangerous.

Get this folks: *Drivin' too fast for existin' conditions* is what causes accidents, more'n out and out speedin' causes. A speeder is a guy what don't show no respect for a speed limit fixed by law, where they is such a law. But say! You can sometimes drive your car or your truck over a street crossin' (where you can't see what's comin' off the side street) at a speed that's *within*







**If you see a image of a fool or a yap, turn over—build  
yourself a new set of habits and all will be jake.**

## The Last Kick

**M**EBBE things that might be touched on to the enlightenment of everybody that walks and drives has been left out. But I aimed to make this here book free from technical stuff and not load too much onto them that reads it.

Now, if after spendin' a quiet evenin' perusin' its pages and absorbin' the kicks, you should wake up in the middle of the night havin' a nightmare, just switch on the light, reach over to the bureau, grab a hand mirror and look in the glass. If you see a image of a drivin' fool there, why just turn yourself over. You been sleepin' on



. . . **stay alive!** . . .

your back. Speakin' figurative, that's what you probably been doin' ever since you first started to drive a car, and the effect has been nightmareish. 'Cause every accident is a nightmare. If you see a image of a walkin' yap in that mirror, it's the same thing. Turn over. Build yourself a new set of habits and all will be jake.

This is my last say, honest, it is: If the readin' of this book, Everybody, has give you the same slant on this accident business I've got after fifteen years of experience and observation, you'll agree that it's all a matter of usin' the noodle, I mean the brain, to stop accidents. It's a case of *you* measurin' up to the responsibility of the important, serious job you undertook when you got a permit from *all the people* of the State you live in, which permit gives you the great privilege and favor of drivin' a four-wheeled, rubber-tired

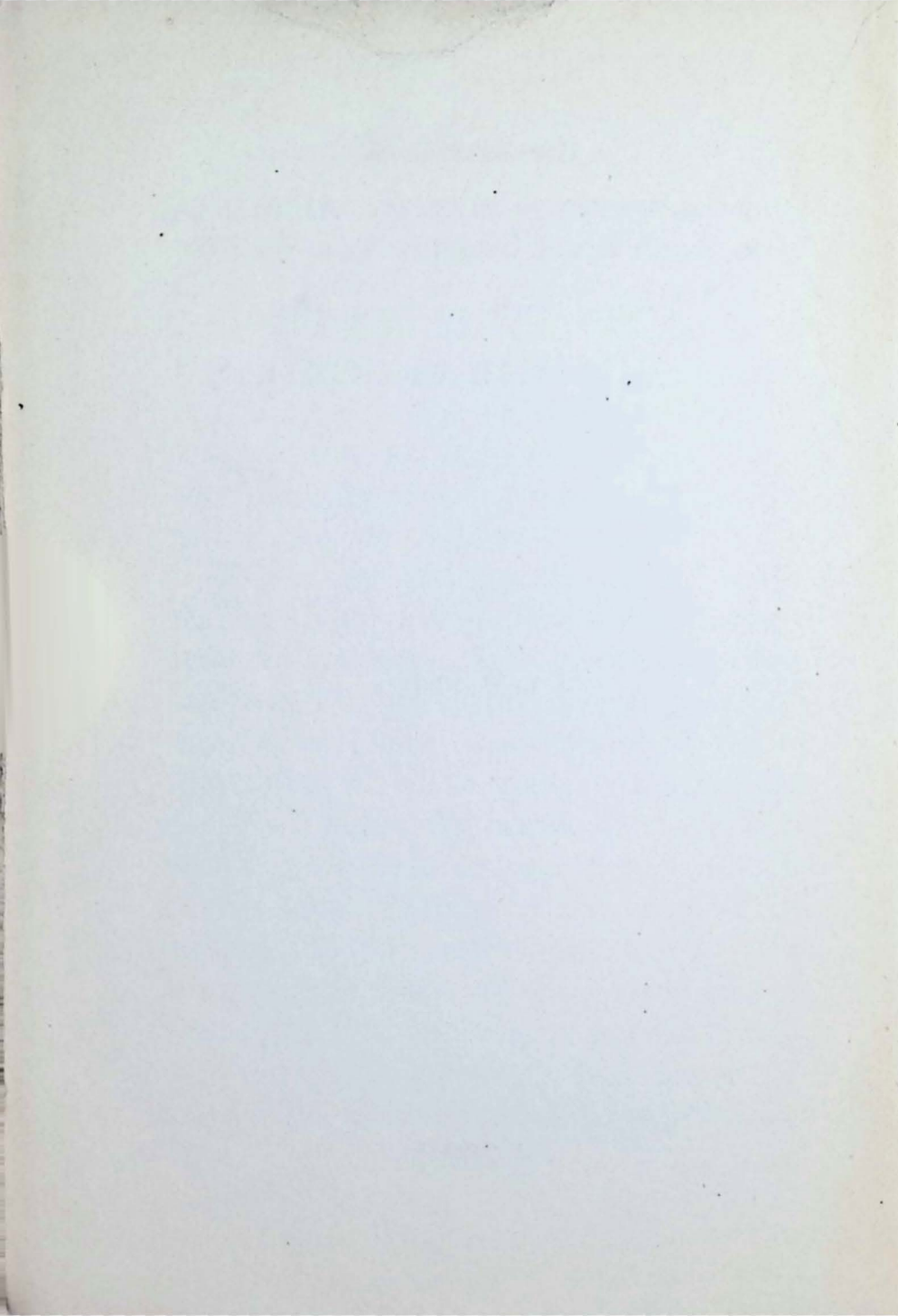
. . . the last kick . . .

chariot over *their* property. All they ask  
*you* to do is act human. Now do it!

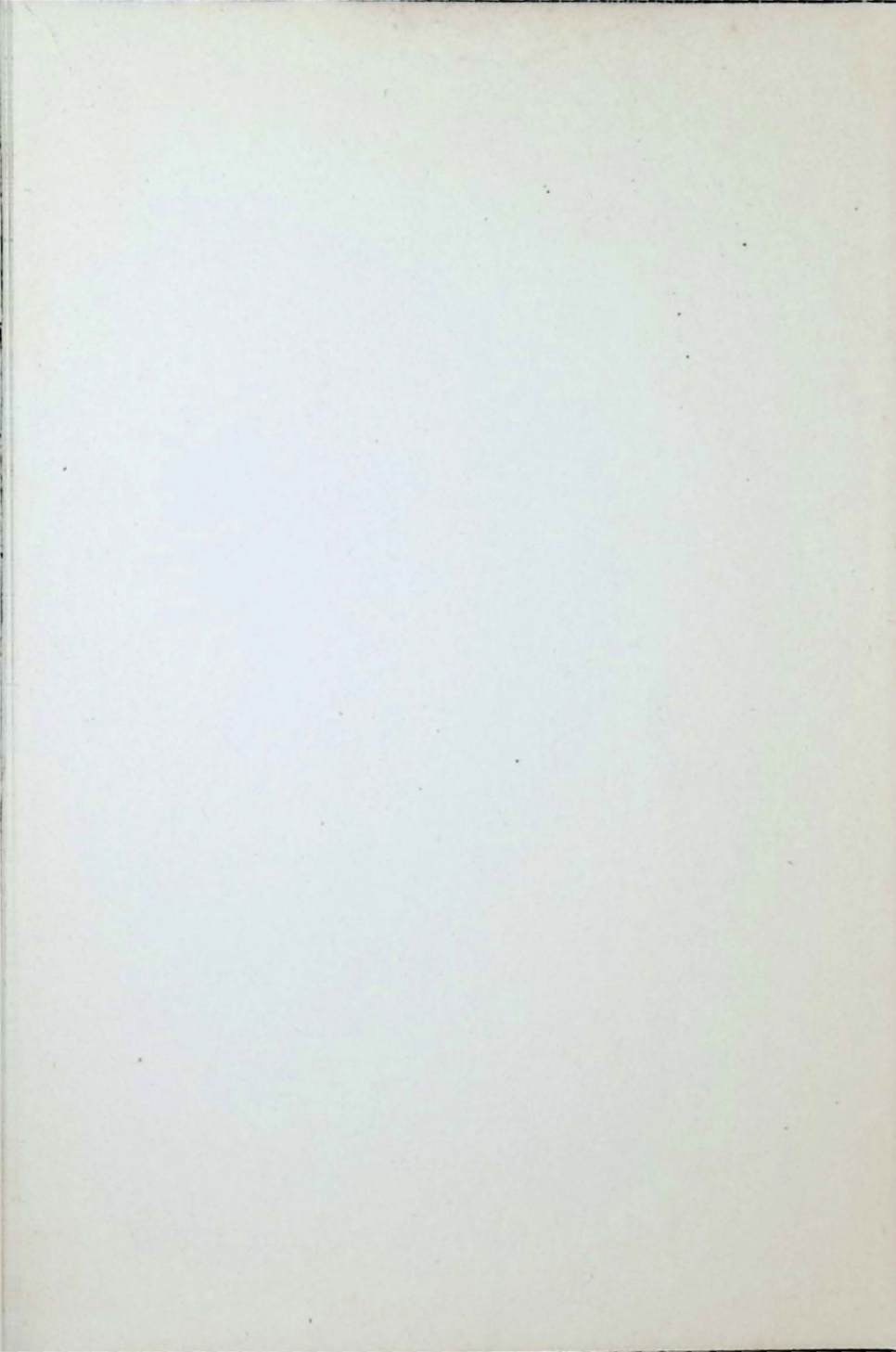
Yours, with no apologies,

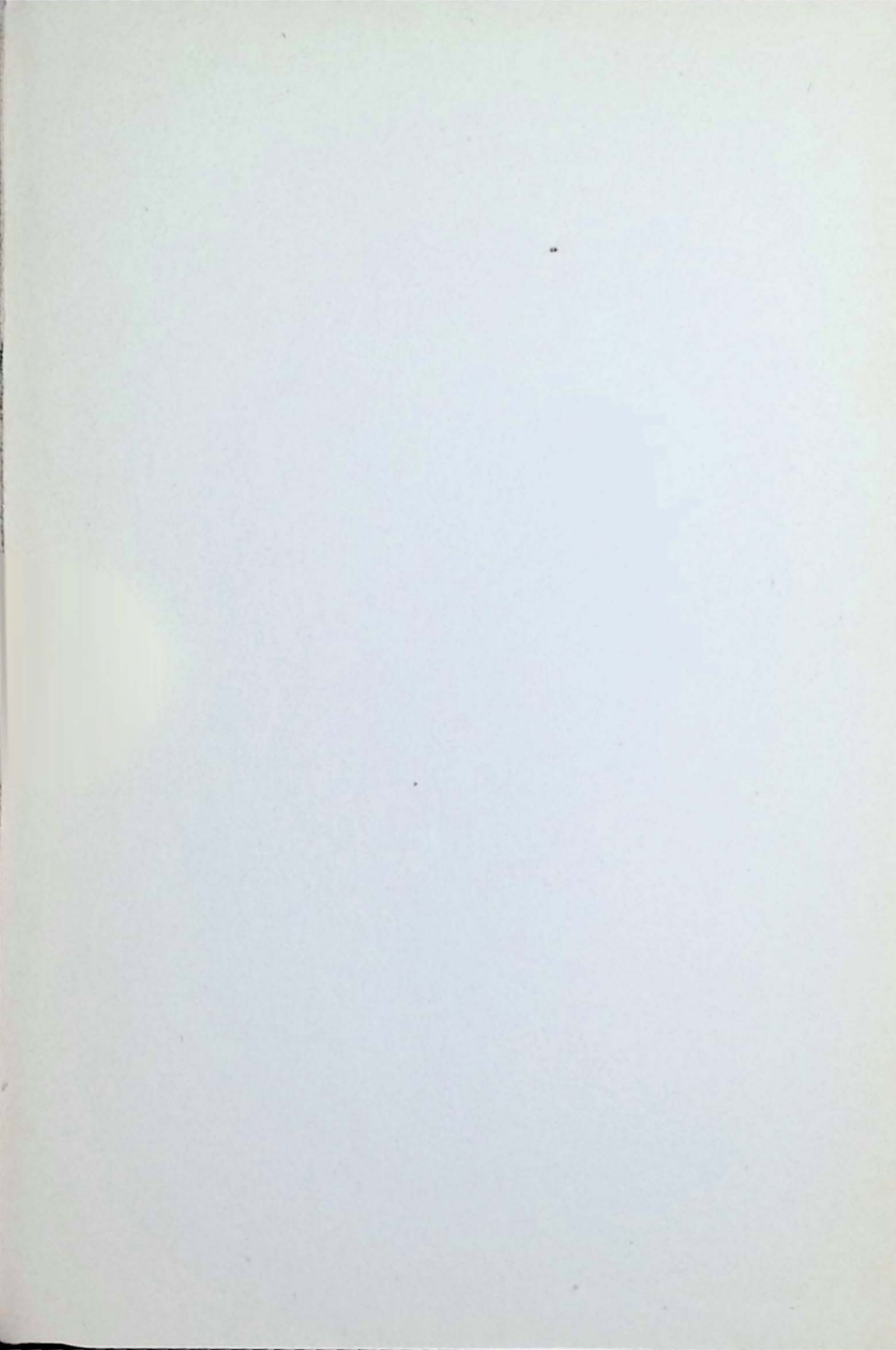
JIM THE TRUCKMAN

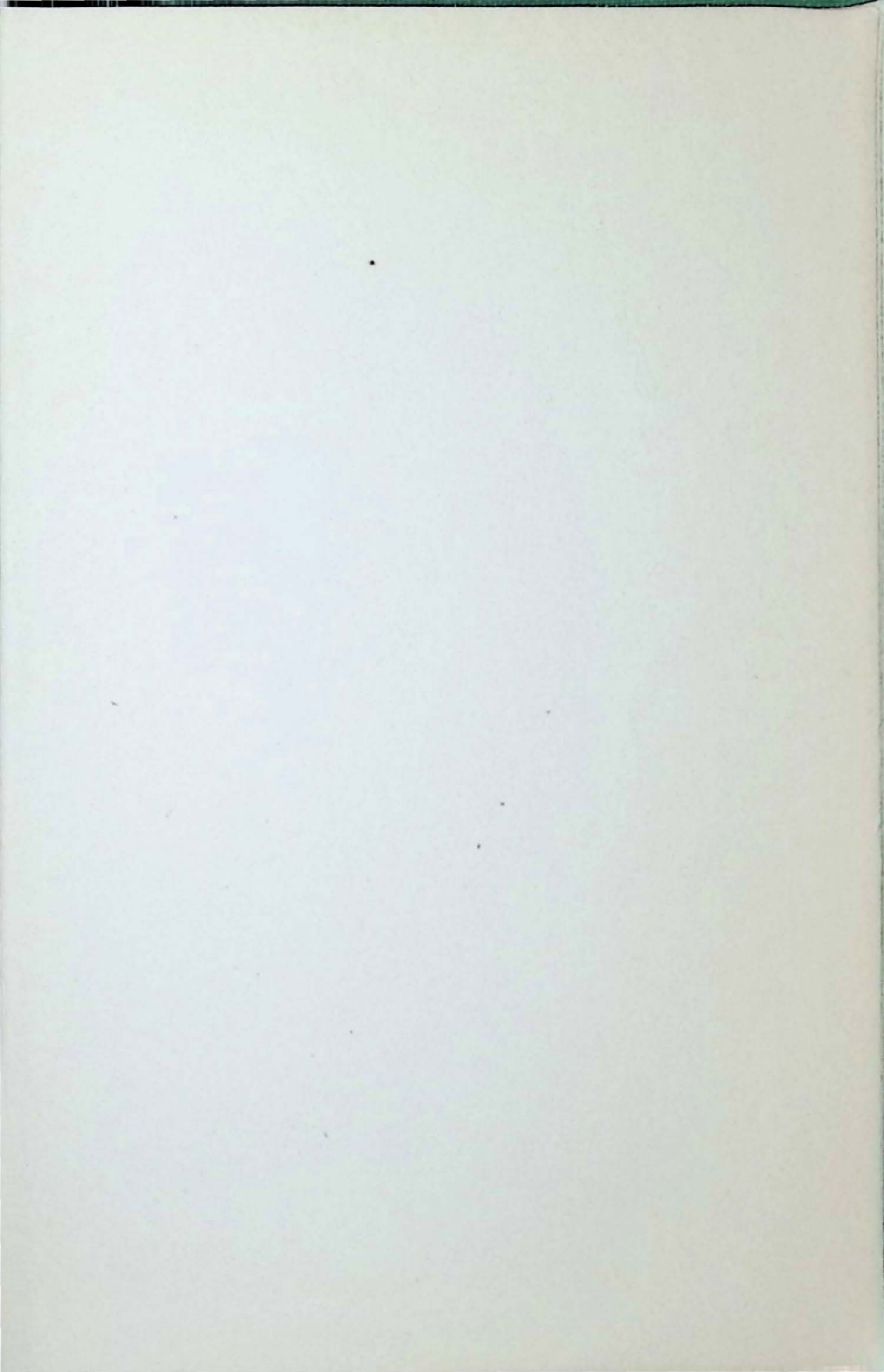
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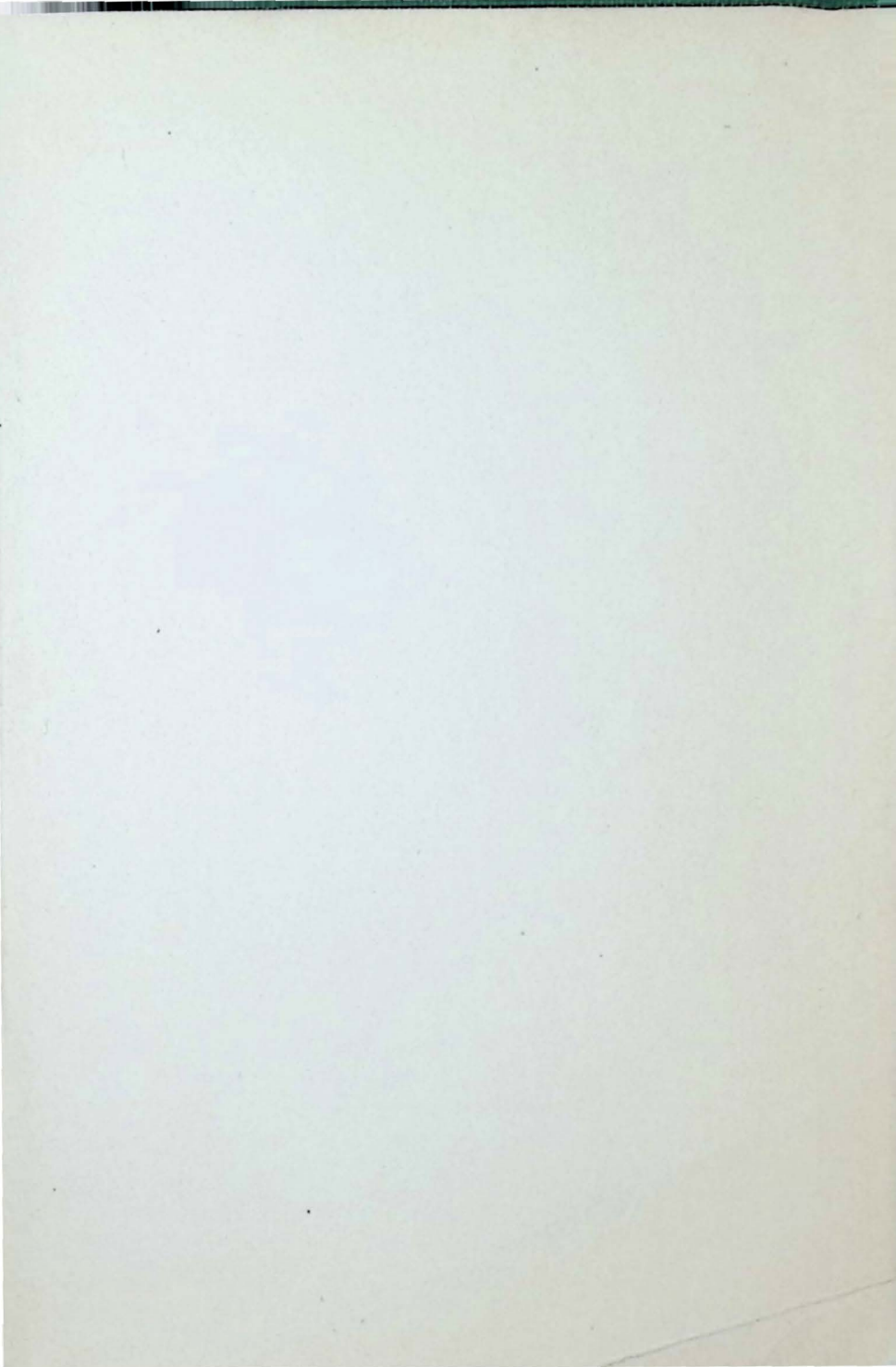


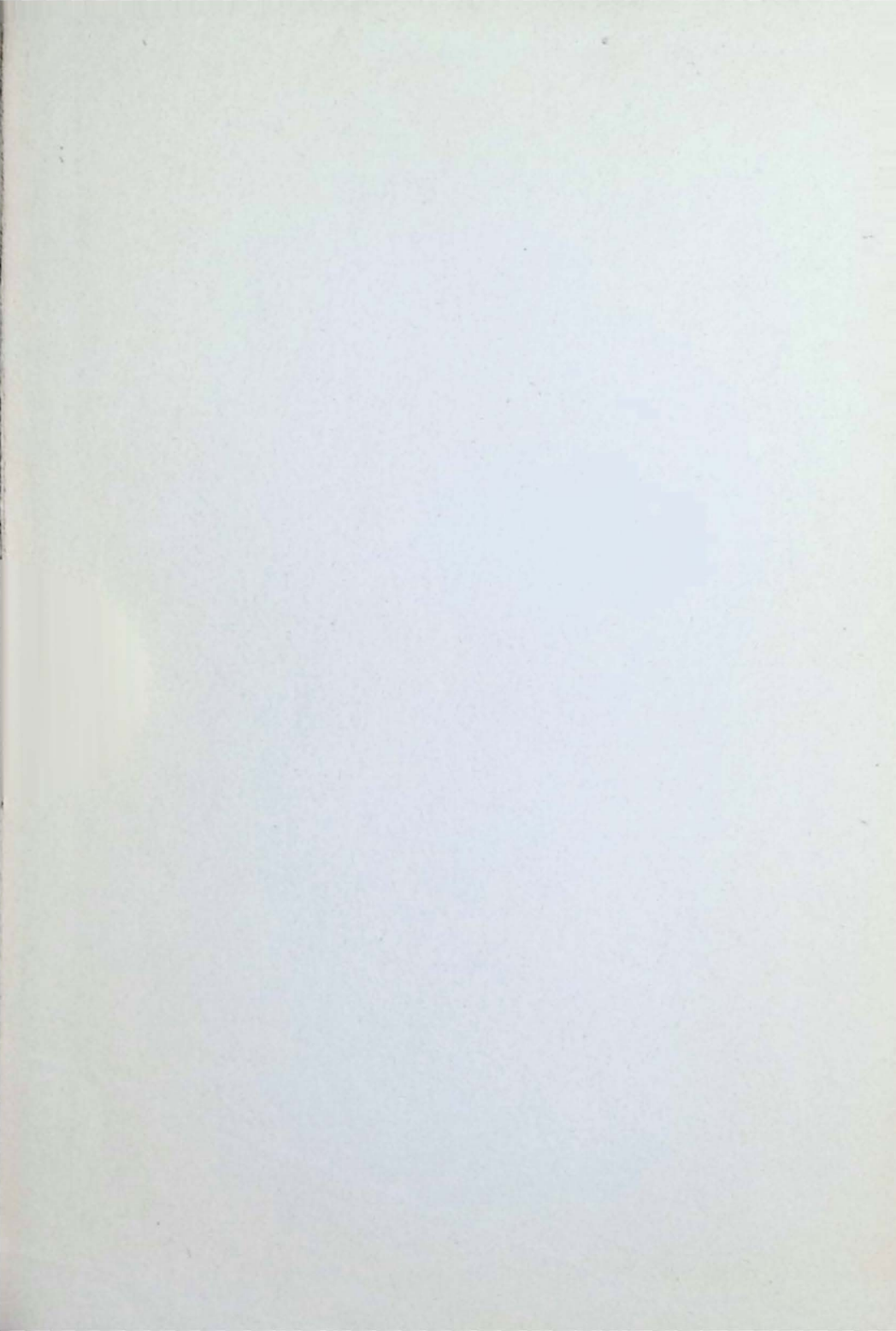














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